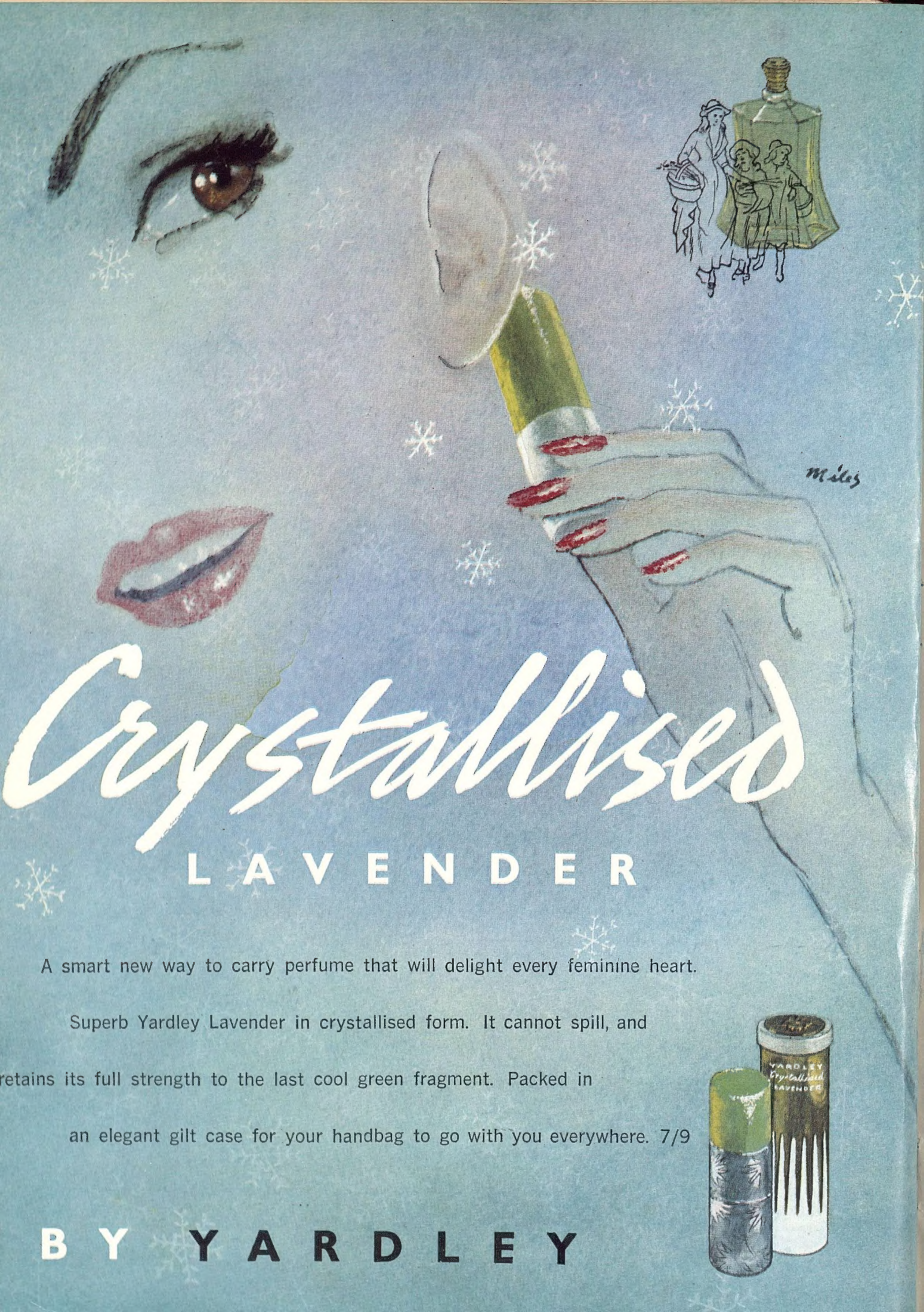
BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY, 1952

TWO SHILLINGS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retains its full strength to the last cool green fragment. Packed in
an elegant gilt case for your handbag to go with you everywhere. 7/9
BY YARDLEY
YARDLEY
Crystallised
LAVENDER

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 45 No. 1 JULY, 1952

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CONTENTS

Cover Design Travel-trim

Articles

The Casino War
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations
by *S. Van Abbé* 13 and 70

Bric-à-Brac Comes Into Fashion
by *Curtiss Hamilton* 14–15 and 74

What Are You Reading?
by *C. H. Rolph* 16 and 74

Perseus And Andromeda
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Walter Hodges* 17–20

Elizabethan Legacy
by *G. Bernard Wood* 21 and 68

The Immortal Alice
by *Guy Livingston* 22 and 68

Water Gardening
by *W. E. Sherwell-Cooper, M.B.E., Ph.D., N.D.H., F.L.S.* 26–27 and 75

In Defence Of Fathers
by *K. Wallace* 32–33 and 60–62

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 28 and 60

Home Section

Accessories For Sun
Illustrations
by *E. Suter* 34-35 and 62

Second Lesson 39 and 66

Silk Coat Summer 40 and 41

Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Keep A Cool Head 42–43

A Letter From The Country
by *C. Henry Warren* 44 and 75

Spindleberry, Dorset 45–48

Transformation Scene
by *Anna Richardson* 49 and 66

Saleroom Sense 50–51 and 76

Knitting :
For Tailored Occasions 52 and 74
Best in Blue 53

Shopping For You 54–55

Sea And Sandwiches
by *Janet Darby* 56

Stories

The Cop And The Kangaroo
by *Jon Cleary*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 9–12 and 76

The Towers
by *Neil Bell*
Illustrations
by *Edward Osmond* 23–25 and 70–72

Let The Doors Be Shut
by *John Prebble*
Illustrations
by *D. L. Wynne* 29–31 and 62–66

Death In The Patio
by *Richard Reynolds*
Illustrations
by *L. Lowen* 36–38 and 58–60

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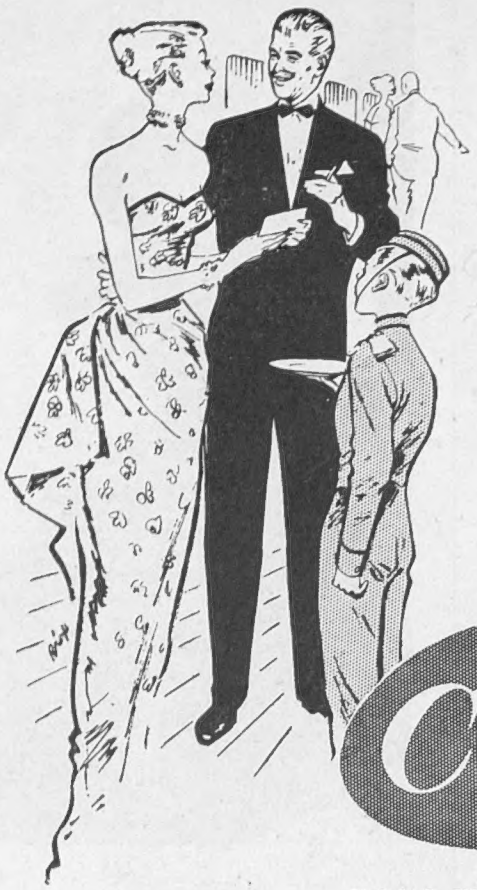

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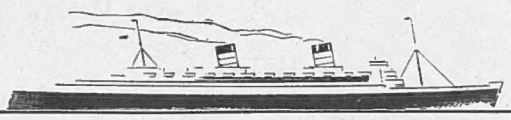

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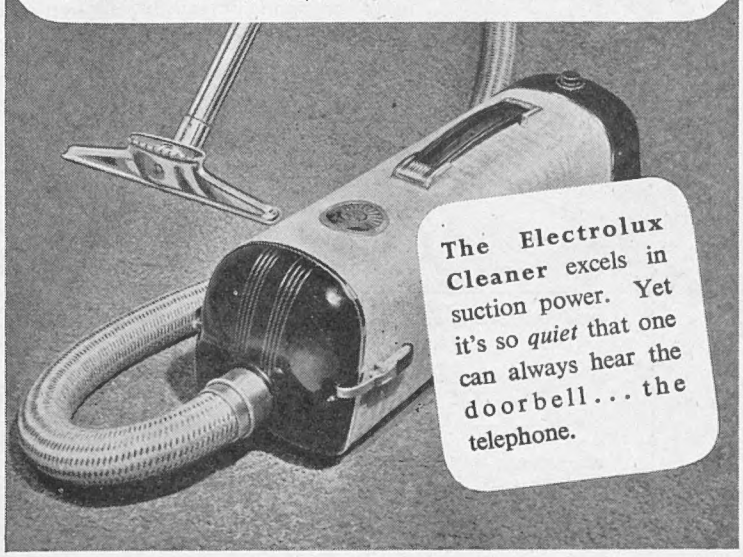

The Electrolux Cleaner excels in suction power. Yet it's so *quiet* that one can always hear the doorbell... the telephone.

royds

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Just spread and wipe for the richest, longest-lasting wax polish of all!

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With Pride there is no rubbing at all — no more old-fashioned hard work. Pride gives a genuine hard wax protection — leaves no smears, cannot catch dust, resists finger-marks and lasts for months.

ON WHAT SURFACES CAN PRIDE BE USED?

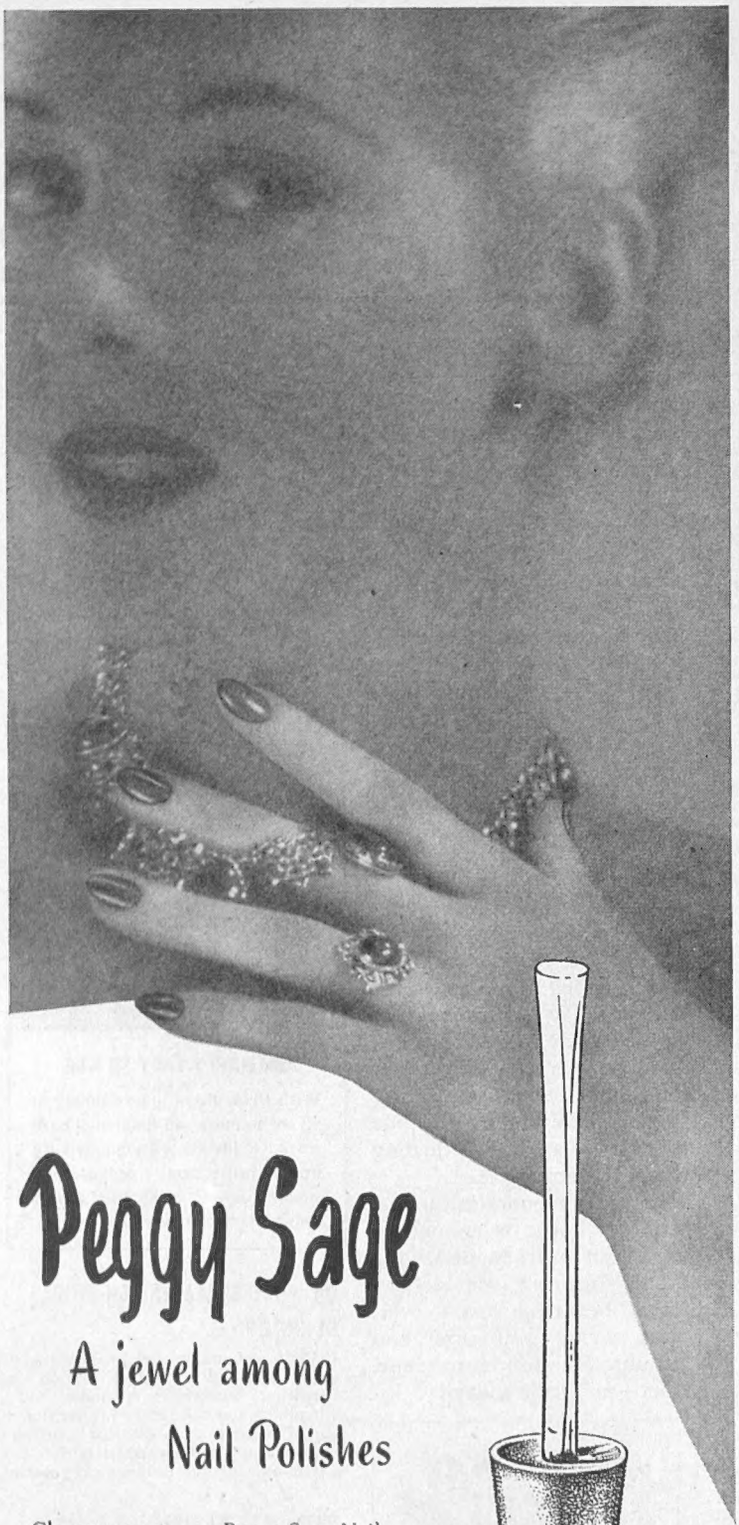
Pride is recommended for all finished and polished surfaces, such as furniture, woodwork, panelled walls. Excellent, too, for refrigerators, stoves, metal furniture, chrome fittings, silverware, leather-topped tables, etc. Pride should not be used on plastics.

PRIDE CAN BE USED AS A CLEANER, TOO!

Pride is wonderful, too, for removing grease and spilled food. For cleaning dirty or greasy surfaces rub in Pride and wipe off. Then re-apply thinly.

TAKE JOHNSON'S Pride IN YOUR HOME!

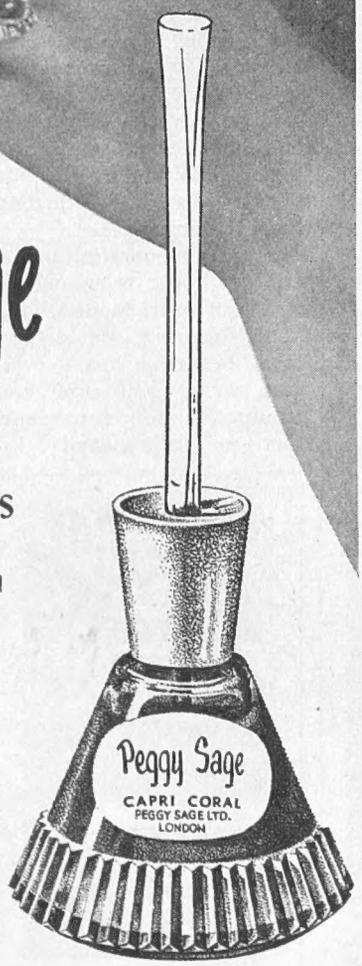
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX



Peggy Sage

A jewel among Nail Polishes

Clever women use Peggy Sage Nail Polish as they do a fine jewel — as an exclamation point — to give beauty and emphasis to the colour they are wearing. They find such wonderful scope in the new couturier shades, Paris-born for the new season. Jewel-like, too, is the sparkle and hardness which the new 'Crystallin' finish has given to this incomparable Nail Polish.



Hand-wrought jewellery by Sibyl Dunlop of Kensington

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THREE FLIGHTS WEEKLY by South African Airways to Johannesburg via Rome, Khartoum and Nairobi. One service per week calls at Frankfurt. Fully pressurized 4-engined Constellation aircraft. Complimentary meals and meal-time drinks. No gratuities.

British Overseas Airways also provide three flights weekly by Comet to Johannesburg on the 'Springbok' Service which is operated jointly by S.A.A. and B.O.A.C.

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Genuine Aertex bears this label.

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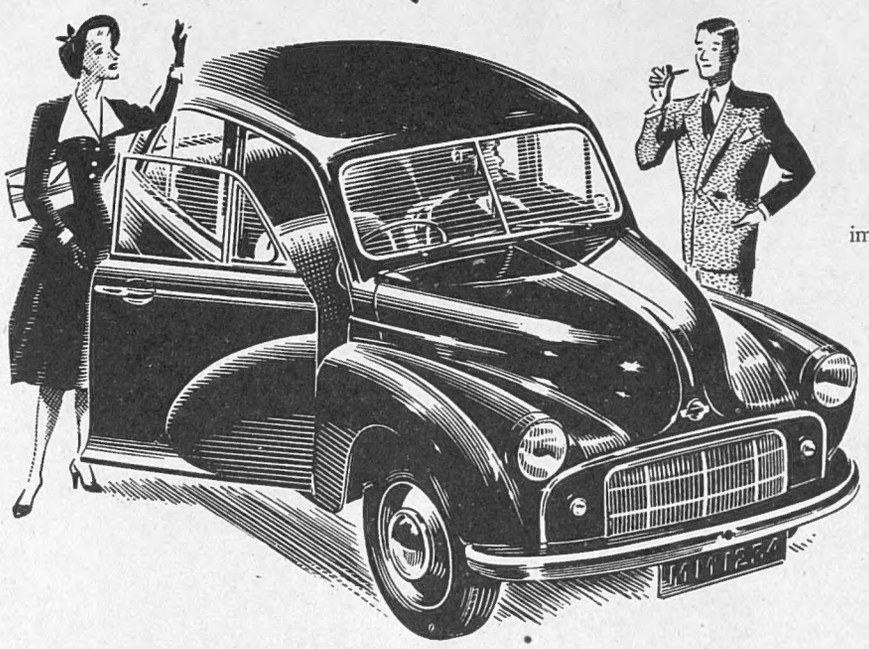
QC 18

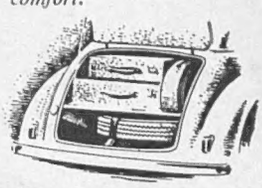
Road-proved the world over



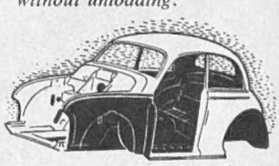
—the BIGGEST SMALL CAR BUY!

Every feature of first-rate importance in modern automobile design is incorporated in the specification of the Morris Minor. It has got what it takes to make a small car big! Here is a car with comfortable seating capacity for the family—a car that combines impressive styling with air-flow body lines for extra speed and low fuel consumption. For lightness and added strength the body and chassis are built as one integral unit on the "Mono-construction" principle. The Minor has road-proved its way to popularity by its ability to provide "Quality First" performance at the lowest possible running costs.

Seating for four adults within the wheelbase, where seats should be for riding comfort.



Phenomenal space in the boot provides 7 cubic feet for the storage of luggage. The spare wheel is accessible without unloading.



The body and chassis are "mono-constructed," built as one unit for added strength and lightness. This is a major factor in power-weight reduction for economical running.

The "Quality First"

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Finished Cream Stove, Enamel. **Price £19 : 12 : 6 including P.T.** Carriage Paid to all parts of U.K.

"THE KEPKOLD"

PATENT Nº 519607 ★

DOES NOT REQUIRE

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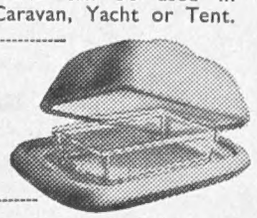
The KEPKOLD is simple but extremely efficient; it is operated solely by water (about one pint per day). There are no upkeep costs and nothing to get 'out-of-order.' Thousands of housewives appreciate the simple efficiency of this method of food preservation; you *really* should enquire about it. KEPKOLD is portable and can be used in Home, Caravan, Yacht or Tent.

THE KEPKOLD BUTTER COOLER

Temperature going Up. KEPKOLD Butter Cooler keeps Butter fresh and in perfect condition on the *hottest* day. In Stone, Coral, Green and Blue. (Please state alternative colour.) Price **8/11** plus **1/6** postage.



WRITE TO-DAY, don't put it off, for illustrated Folder giving full details of the marvellous KEPKOLD models and the KEPKOLD Butter Cooler too. It will amply repay you.

KEPKOLD LTD. (DEPT. 58)

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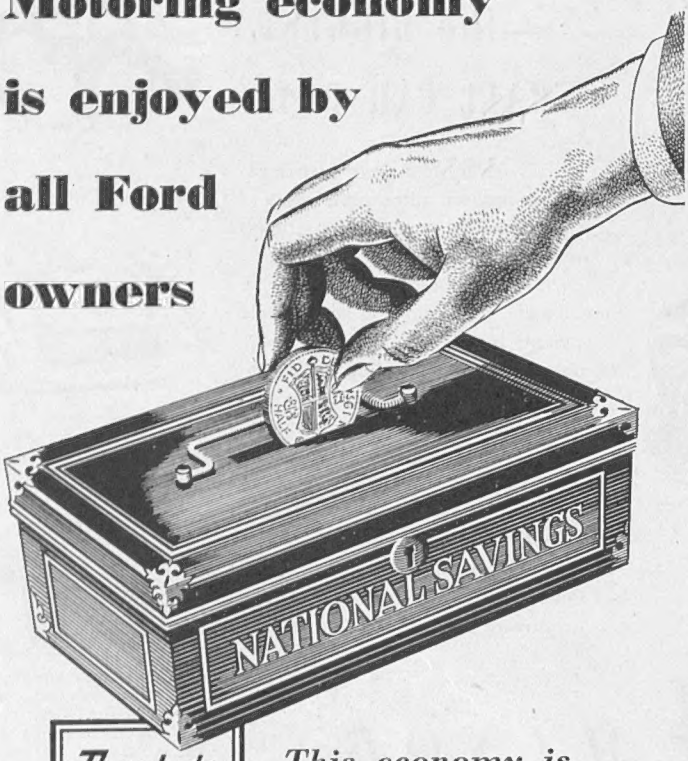
★ **KEPKOLD LTD.** are the originators of the evaporation method of keeping food fresh.

Motoring economy is enjoyed by all Ford owners



Thanks to FORD LEADERSHIP ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This economy is expressed in the following manner:—

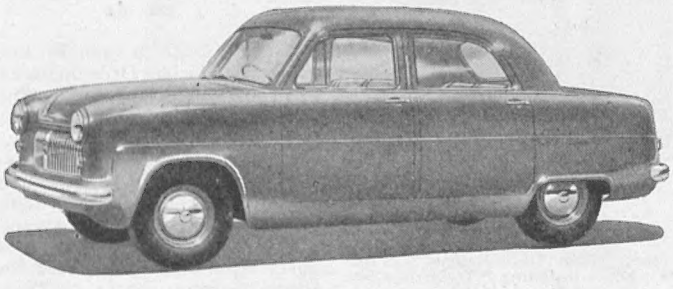
★ Low initial cost. ★ Low running costs.

★ Spares and mechanical repairs at *low fixed charges.*

★ Ford Engine and Parts Exchange Plans, 'Make-Sure' service etc., all save money for Ford-owners. ★ Long, economical car-life.

EnFo

Our genuine parts and accessories are now marketed under the trade mark EnFo



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MOTORING IS '5-STAR' MOTORING

THE BEST AT LOWEST COST

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · DAGENHAM

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Fond of the sun? Then be wise and protect your eyes. With Thurgar Bollé Sunglasses you can relax in comfort—relax in style. Complete eye protection against all forms of sunglare. Exclusive designs for men and women at prices to suit all pockets.

New 1952 models from chemists, opticians and leading stores.

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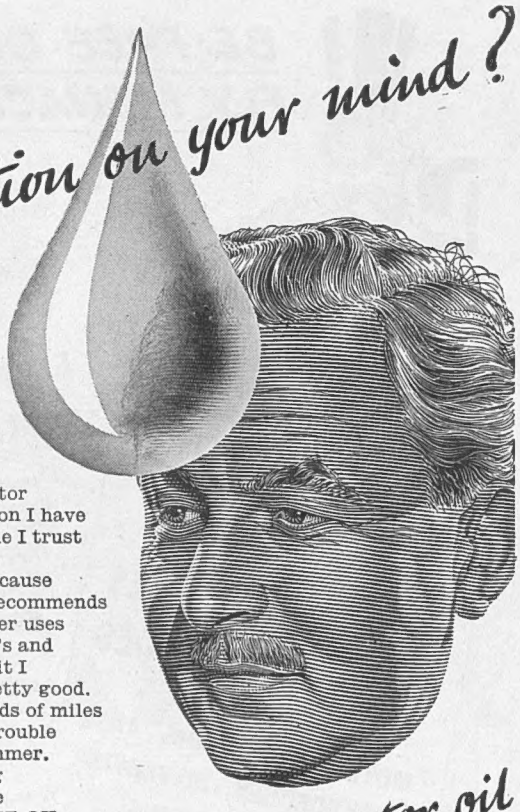
SUNGLASSES

Such comfort - such elegance

Lubrication on your mind?



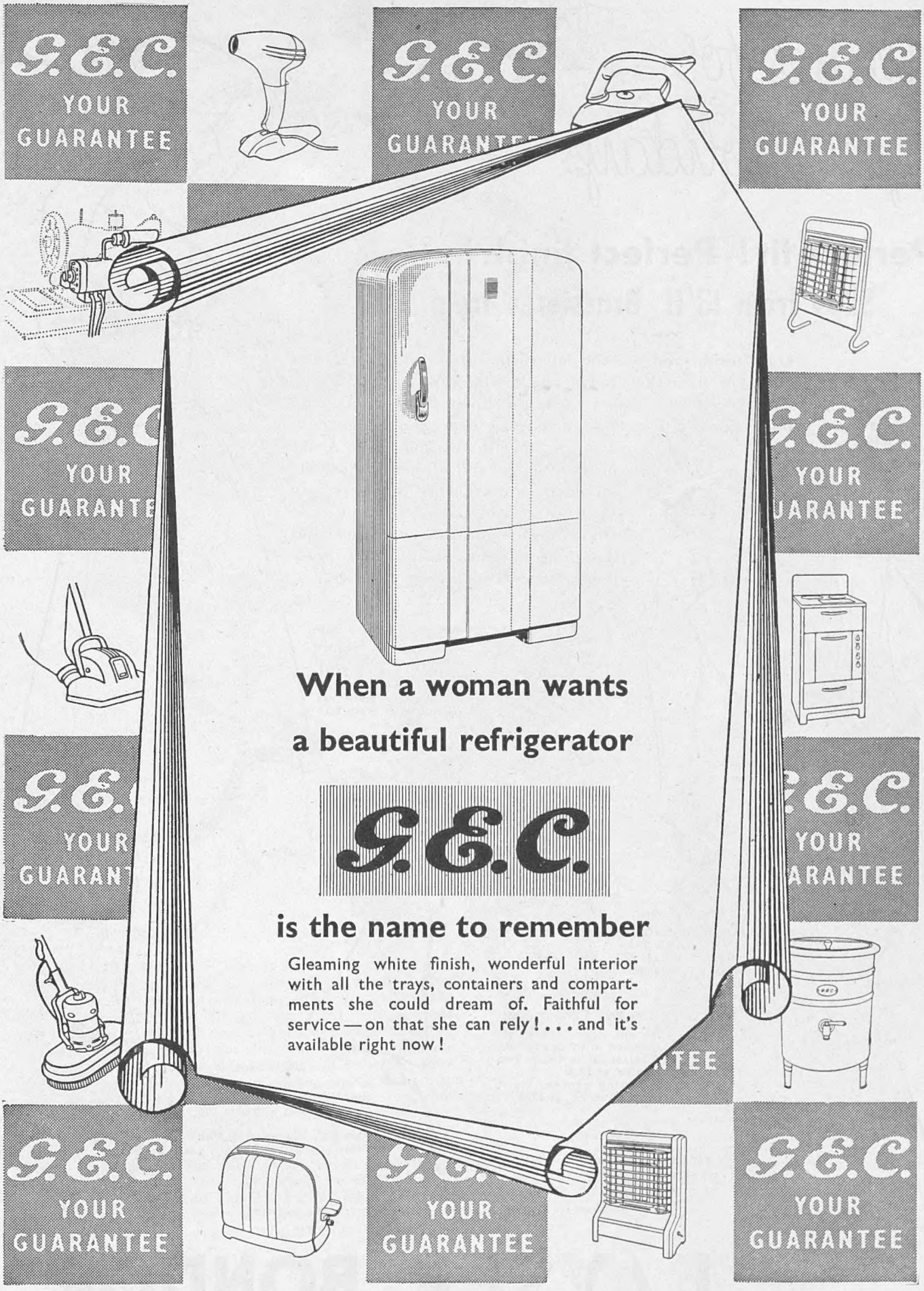
I'm a doctor, not a motor engineer. On lubrication I have to judge by what people I trust tell me and by results.
I first tried Energol because the maker of my car recommends it, and my garage owner uses it himself. With Price's and Anglo-Iranian behind it I thought it must be pretty good.
Well, I've had thousands of miles easy running and no trouble starting winter or summer.
So I feel safe in saying myself, you should use **ENERGOL, THE OILIEST OIL** *says the doctor.*

Use ENERGOL motor oil

BP

Recommended by Rolls-Royce and leading manufacturers

PRICE'S LUBRICANTS LIMITED



When a woman wants

a beautiful refrigerator

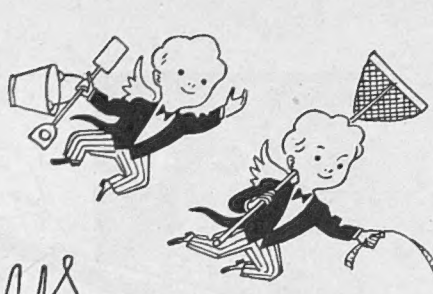
G.E.C.

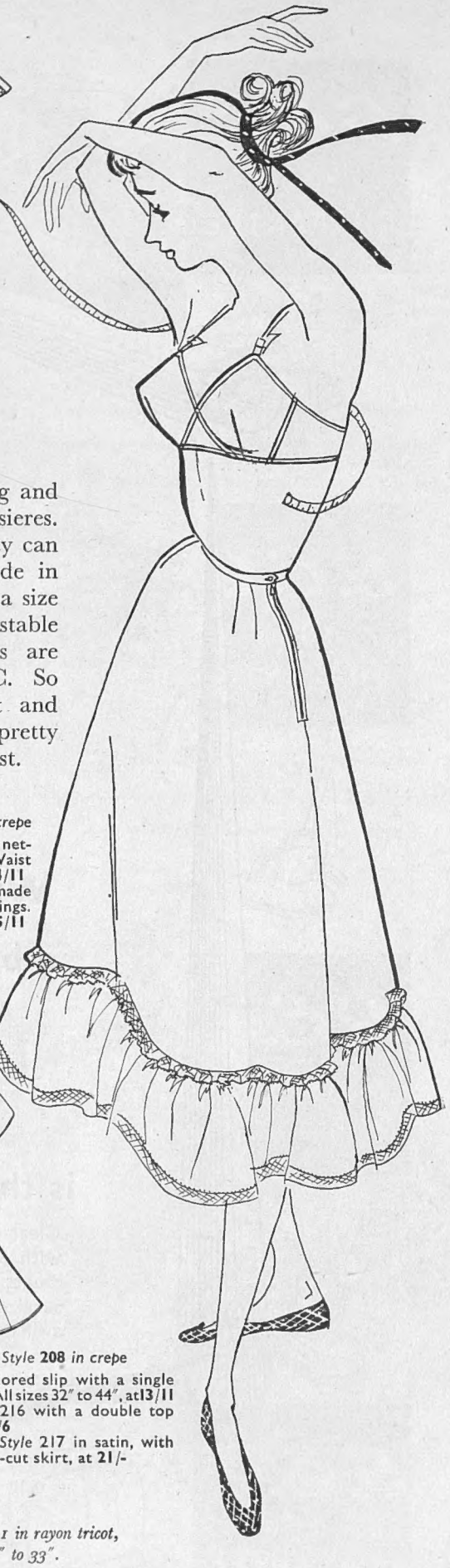
is the name to remember

Gleaming white finish, wonderful interior with all the trays, containers and compartments she could dream of. Faithful for service — on that she can rely! . . . and it's available right now!

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

Undies for your holidays

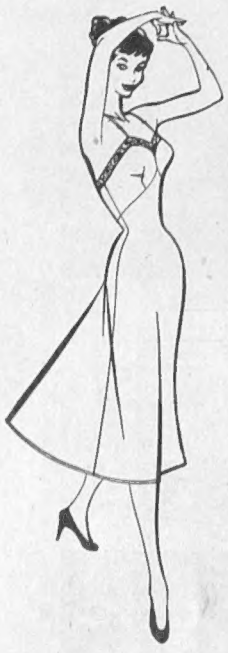




Perfect fit! Perfect finish!

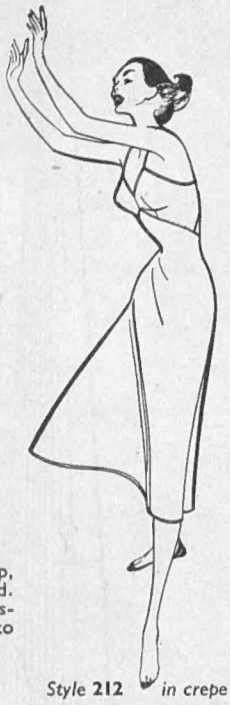
Slips from 13/11 Brassieres from 5/11

LOOK inside and see the superb finish of the stitching and seams of these lovely Kayser Bondor slips and brassieres. Their perfect fit makes them the finest value money can buy. Each slip in this enchanting collection is made in seven sizes, with two lengths to a size in some styles, and all have adjustable shoulder straps. The brassieres are made in 3 cup sizes, A, B & C. So you're always sure of an exact and flattering fit that makes your pretty holiday dresses look their very best.



Style **218** *in crepe*

A pretty lace-trimmed slip, slim fitting, perfectly tailored. It is cut with a single brassiere top. All sizes 32" to 44", at **18/11**



Style **212** *in crepe*

A slim, figure-flattering slip with double brassiere top. All sizes 32" to 44", in two lengths, at **20/6**

Style **209a** *in nylon tricot*

A slip and pantee set trimmed with dainty net. All sizes 32" to 44", in two lengths, at **38/6**
Matching pantee, waist sizes 25" to 33", at **17/6**

Style **204a** *in crepe*

Proportioned to just the correct length for your size and made with a zip-fastening side placket. All sizes 32" to 40", in two lengths, at **24/6**

Style **213** *in crepe*

A hip slip with a deep net-trimmed flounce. Waist sizes 25" to 29", at **24/11**
Style **111** brassiere is made in A, B and C cup-fittings. Various styles, from **5/11**

Style **208** *in crepe*

A tailored slip with a single top. All sizes 32" to 44", at **13/11**
Style 216 with a double top at **18/6**
Also *Style* 217 in satin, with a bias-cut skirt, at **21/-**

★ *There are briefs from 4/3 and pantees from 5/11 in rayon tricot, to wear with these slips. Waist sizes 25" to 33".*

KAYSER BONDOR

TAILORED WITH **YOU** IN MIND

The Cop and the Kangaroo

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK LEA.

Shamus looked down at the redhead lying in the hammock and grinned, "Surprised to see me!"

SHAMUS MULGRUE wouldn't have given the redhead a ticket if the kangaroo hadn't punched him. Certainly the girl was doing fifty-five crossing the Sydney Harbour Bridge, but along with the red hair she had a husky voice and was wearing a yellow sweater that appeared to have shrunk in the wash. Shamus was a traffic cop, but he was human. So he would have given her only a caution if the kangaroo hadn't butted in.

He gave her a ticket and a week later gave evidence against her. She got a stiff fine, her picture in the paper and a stern injunction from the magistrate to get rid of her kangaroo.

It was the last bonus that prompted Shamus to call on the redhead. He looked up her name in his book: Jill Dombert; and that evening parked his motor-cycle outside the neat cottage in Waitara, walked up the path and knocked on the front door. He continued knocking for five minutes, then, showing some of the initiative they had taught him at the police school, went round the side path and came upon the redhead, a baldhead and the kangaroo.

The baldhead, a man with prominent muscles and the voice of a man being garrotted, came up out of his chair with a rush. "Who the blazes are you? Ain't a man got——" Then he took in Shamus's uniform. "G'day, constable. Something I can do for you? Get you a drink? Or ain't you allowed to drink on duty?"

A SHORT STORY BY JON CLEARY.

"I 'm not on duty," Shamus said. Then, after a moment, he said, "I 'm not on duty, thank you very much."

"Oh," said the baldheaded man, and reluctantly went into the house.

SHAMUS looked down at the redhead lying in the hammock and grinned. "Surprised to see me?"

"I 'll survive," said Miss Dombert. "What brings you here? Have you a couple of speeding tickets left over? Or do you always visit your victims?"

"The man who marries you will be able to shave with that tongue of yours."

"If I don't cut his throat first. Men!" And Miss Dombert pursed her lips delicately and spat, like a lady.

"You 're just prejudiced because you 've been hanging around with kangaroos," Shamus said. "We men aren't bad when you get to know us."

"I know men all right. I 've been engaged twice," Miss Dombert said. "That 's why I prefer kangaroos."

"If you have to get rid of Basher Bill here," Shamus gestured towards the kangaroo, who sneered at him, then went back to munching on a pawful of leaves, "maybe you 'll have to take up with us men again."

"And you 're here to offer your services?"

Shamus shrugged modestly. "You could do worse."

"Thanks," said Miss Dombert. "I 'll see if I can."

The baldheaded man came out of the house with a loaded tray. "I 'm Dad Dombert. Used to fight, about twenty or thirty year ago. Young Dombert was me name then. Ever done any fighting?"

"A bit," Shamus said. "I was police heavyweight champ last year."

"Don't tell me policemen fight among themselves?" said Miss Dombert.

Shamus laughed, pleased with himself that it sounded natural. "Great sense of humour your daughter has, Dad. She kept the court in fits of laughter. That was why the magistrate fined her for contempt of court."

"Jill 's just like her Mum was. Never knew when enough

A redhead, a baldhead, and a delinquent kangaroo have trouble with the police.

In a moment Jill came rushing back. "He 's gone ! His straw hasn't been slept in at all," she cried.

was enough." Dad Dombert poured drinks and handed them around. He picked up the newspapers at his feet. "Dunno what her Mum would have thought of these, though. 'Magistrate Brands Kangaroo Menace to Law and Order.' 'Kangaroo Supplants Rabbits as Public Enemy.' 'Is This 'Roo a Red ? '" He disgustedly tossed the papers away. "Ain't been so ashamed since Jamito knocked me down for a count of eight."

Jill said, "This is the copper who arrested me, Dad. If it hadn't been for him I wouldn't have been in the papers. Why don't you throw him out in the street ? "

"Now, take it easy." Dad Dombert believed that a good big man could always beat a good little man, and this big man might be good. "I can't go chucking me weight around with perfect strangers. Especially when they 're coppers."

"I wish you weren't so aggressive," Shamus said to Jill. "I came out here to help you. I thought the beak was a bit tough handing out that injunction to get rid of your kangaroo, and since I was partly to blame, I thought I might be able to help you dispose of him."

Jill came out of the hammock like a girl being shot out of a cannon. She was dressed in shorts and a brassiere top and Shamus didn't hear her first half-a-dozen sentences. ". . . and if you think you 're going to shoot Mick . . ."

Shamus regained consciousness. "Who said anything about shooting him ? My brothers and I have a small week-ender, but with plenty of paddocks around it, up at Kurrajong. If you want to, you can take your kangaroo up there. The beak didn't say you had to exterminate him : just get him out of the city. We 've got some neighbours who 'll look after him during the week——"

"I 'm not taking Mick anywhere," Jill said coldly. "Thank you, though, for your offer. It is appreciated. Now if we are keeping you from your speed-hogs, we shall excuse you."

"Pull your head in a minute," Dad Dombert said politely to his daughter. "What 's the strength of this, constable ? "

Shamus gave himself a name, feeling things were much too formal, then went on. "Look, if your daughter persists in her stubborn attitude toward the law, she is going to finish up polishing rocks out at Long Bay. You don't want a gaolbird for a daughter, do you ? "

"I 'd rather go to gaol than be separated from Mick," said Jill.

"You think he 'll feel at home in a cell ? " said Shamus.

"Is anyone taking bets on this fight ? "

A YOUNG man, so clean-cut he was almost only a silhouette, stood behind them. "I am Ben Carslake, of Hutton, Harris and Carslake."

"There you are," Dad Dombert said to Jill. "A lawyer. A copper and a lawyer. Where would I be, now, if I 'd hung a fist on him, like you said ? "

"I 'm no lawyer," said Carslake, and looked offended. "Hutton, Harris and Carslake are an advertising agency. We 're interested in hiring your kangaroo for a promotion campaign we had planned. We know you have to dispose of him, and we thought we might take him off your hands."

"Do you think he 'll be better off in an advertising agency than here ? " said Shamus.

"Oh, an animal-lover, eh ? " Carslake looked at Shamus as at an old friend ; only the glamour of advertising, and the money, had stopped him from being a diplomat. "Believe me, friend, I 'm for you one hundred per cent." He smacked a fist against an open palm, a neat, clean-cut gesture. "But we don't intend misusing the kangaroo." He turned toward Mick, who eyed him with a frank look of contempt. "He 'll be looked after as if he were Miss Australia herself. Nothing will be too good for him. Why, for two weeks he 'll live in the very lap of luxury itself."

"You think he 's just slumming here with us ? " Jill said.

CARSLAKE looked back at Jill, blinked as if he had just seen her for the first time, then smiled. "Pardon me. For a moment I thought *you* were Miss Australia."

"My hips were too big," Jill said matter-of-factly. "I only ran third last year."

"I knew I 'd seen your face somewhere," said Carslake.

"My face is up here," said Jill.

"Oh, sorry. Very bright dusk we 're having, isn't it ? Well, now, about your kangaroo——"

Dad Dombert said, "Mr. Hutton——"

"Carslake," said Carslake, "of Hutton, Harris and Carslake."

"Yeah. Well, what 's Mick gunna advertise ? "

"A new thrift campaign. 'A Penny in Your Pocket is Worth Two in Someone Else's.' Your kangaroo will be used to represent the person who keeps his money in his own pocket."

"Male kangaroos don't have pockets," said Shamus, suddenly a zoologist. "You 've got your sexes mixed."

"First time I 've made *that* mistake," said Carslake, and swivelled his eyes toward Jill. "But we could overcome that difficulty, I 'm sure. After all, he 'll only be representational. We didn't want him dropping pennies into his pocket."

"That takes a load off my mind," said Jill. "I had visions of his being bent over double with the weight of his savings."

" Well, I don't think it 's a bad idea," said Dad Dombert. " It 's about time he done something to earn his keep, before we get rid of him."

" We are not going to get rid of him," said Jill. " And he is not going to be used in any advertising campaigns."

" I agree with Miss Dombert on the last point," said Shamus. " Why don't you use people to teach people to save ? "

" You 're very naïve for a policeman," said Carslake, and was almost arrested. " Who 's interested in misers ? "

" I ain't," Dad Dombert said. " Wasn't interested in kangaroos, either, until Mick turned up. Far as I 'm concerned, Mr. Harris, you can use him if you want him. He 's too damn stuck-up for my liking. We might as well make what we can outa him while we got him."

" Thank you, Mr. Dombert," said Carslake. " I can see you 're a man who appreciates the way the world goes. We 'll call for the kangaroo on Thursday."

" You 'll do nothing of the sort ! " Jill said. " Mick doesn't belong to my father. He 's mine, and I say he 's not going to be used to advertise thrift, profligacy or anything else ! "

" You watch your language," said Dad Dombert. " And I 'm boss around here. If I say Mick goes, he goes ! "

" If he goes, I go ! " threatened Jill.

" We 'll be glad to have you," Carslake said.

" You keep out of this ! " Jill flared and turned back to her father. The battle raged for a minute or two, while Shamus wondered if he should run them in for disturbing the peace, then it ended with Dad Dombert stalking off into the house, cursing that he hadn't been blessed with a son instead of a daughter, so he could have knocked him down.

Jill stared after him, then spun round on Shamus and Carslake. " Still here ? "

" That 's us," said Carslake. " Always where we 're wanted."

" You 're not wanted here," said Jill, and followed her father into the house. " And Mick is not going to be used for advertising purposes."

" I never take no for an answer," Carslake called after her, then looked at Shamus. " Could I give you a lift somewhere, constable, or aren't you boys allowed to ride with civilians ? "

" Only when we 're arresting them," said Shamus.

THEN Carslake had gone, taking long, clean-cut strides, and Shamus was left alone with Mick. He looked at the kangaroo and said, " I don't seem to be too popular around here. How do you feel about policemen ? "

Mick grinned sardonically, picked a small leaf from his teeth, inspected it and spat. Then he swung his tail, raised his nose and hopped across the lawn like a dowager on a pogo-stick and into the house.

Shamus, feeling as shunned as only a traffic cop can feel, went out to his motor-cycle, tore up the ticket that another policeman had given him for parking at a bus-stop, and went home, sure that he had seen the last of Jill, unless he should happen to arrest her again.

SHAMUS lived with his mother and four brothers, all of them big enough to be policemen if they hadn't found bookmaking more profitable. Early the next morning Padraic, the biggest and eldest brother, shook Shamus by the hair and woke him up. " There 's some sheila on the 'phone. Says she wants to see you."

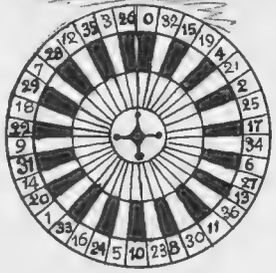
" I 'm not interested in women," said Shamus.

(*Continued on page 76*)

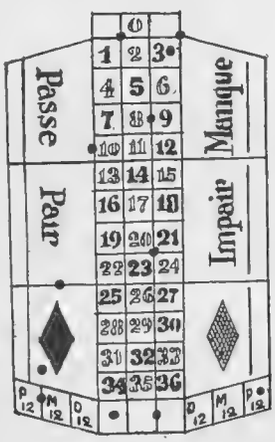
Mick stood on one side of a grille, while on the other a blonde teller made as if she were entering in a ledger.

The Casino War

by Ferdinand Tuohy



Monaco Roulette



Blue Chips-worth 5,000 francs (£5)

ANGLO-GERMAN competition promises to be stiff in most fields in times ahead. But in one line at least the Germans should not have to worry. The word is *Spielbank*. There may be one chance in a thousand of Brighton being allowed a casino with baccarat, roulette and *chemin de fer*. The arbiters in such matters would appear still to agree with Chaucer that

> *Gaming is the very mother of all ills;*
> *And of deceit and cursed villainies,*
> *Manslaughter, blasphemy, and wasteful sore*
> *Of cattle and time. And furthermore,*
> *'Tis shameful and repugnant to honour*
> *To be regarded as a hazarder.*

But in the meantime West Germany has given herself a dozen casinos, each with a *Spielbank* ("*spiel*" meaning "play" or "stake").

The new force in Continental gambling is Herr Geiger—Mr. Violin—and the story of how he lured first Berlin, then Bonn, with the strains of his argument, has something about it recalling the obscure German who rose to be the maker of Monte Carlo.

In the 1860s this Jew and a brother started a small gambling place in one of the many gay, cosmopolitan German principalities. Within a few years our pioneer had built a chain of casinos, extending even to smartest Homburg. But Homburg proved his undoing. The high jinks there decided Bismarck that gambling was not good for Germans who'd soon be fighting his battles. All gaming was prohibited—and presently a despondent promotor took the name of "Monsieur Blanc" and the road that ended at Monte Carlo.

Herr Horst Geiger opened a small gambling saloon in Berlin a few years ago, was arrested and accused of organizing illegal gambling. He set out to prove that the game of *Ecarté* was not illegal, sued for £45,000, won, and set about opening ten new casinos on the proceeds. Several are in the same part of Germany—Wiesbaden, Frankfurt—where "Monsieur Blanc" first showed his mettle. And, so far from incurring government displeasure, Mr. Violin is just now advising the Berlin city authorities in respect of the first officially sponsored casino—"the biggest in Europe."

The *Spielbank* at Wiesbaden I found, last summer, to be rather duller and stuffier than the average run of such places (an old story has it that the atmosphere (*Continued on page 70*)

Croupiers Rake

Throwing the ball

Monte Carlo

The termination of the second World War brought about a marked sharpening of casino warfare

Sales to overseas' buyers of antiques from Britain officially run at less than £2,500,000 a year, but antiques are generally considered objects made before 1830

Bric-À-

By

CURTISS HAMILTON

THE Queen Victoria Jubilee mug was probably originally made for a shilling and possibly given to a child and used for nursery tea for a few years before being relegated to the back of the china cupboard or the attic. Before the war you might have found it in a "junk shop" for half a crown. Now it was proudly displayed in the window of an antique shop, its price marked in plain figures : £3 3s. And I could well believe it when the owner of the shop told me she did not expect to have it long because jubilee, coronation and other china with "sentimental interest" is now popular with visitors from overseas. The Jubilee mug in an American shop might well have been marked the equivalent of five or six pounds.

Bric-à-brac, the kind of things our grandparents or great grandparents bought for a few shillings and which in the twenties young people who inherited them were putting away in the attic because, although they were "Victorian atrocities," they did not like to sell them and no one would buy them anyway, is now enjoying an astonishing vogue. Astonishing because in many cases the articles were mass produced by the thousand and had no artistic pretensions. Figures and animals in china brought back from the seaside or continent as "souvenirs"; almost anything and everything goes at ten to twenty times the price you would have expected in pre-war days if it meets the current fashion.

Sales to overseas buyers of antiques from Britain officially run at less than £2,500,000 a year, but antiques are generally considered objects made before 1830 and the definition cannot cover a great deal of bric-à-brac now popular. In addition, there can be no record of the many thousands of objects taken away in their luggage by visitors. If only one-quarter of Britain's 750,000 overseas visitors last year took away a "souvenir," the total was considerable.

To the dealer the demands of the public for bric-à-brac are often puzzling because it seems to be quite unconcerned with the artistic qualities of the objects. Why, for instance, the demand for a certain type of German china mass produced in the nineties and probably imported by the thousand for a shilling or two apiece? The glaze is poor, the modelling crude and the subjects vulgar, but these pieces, sometimes called "Last in Beds" from the inscription "Last in Bed Puts Out the Light" on the commonest group seem to be enjoying a vogue that has been sufficient to carry their price from five to ten shillings a few years ago to forty or fifty shillings to-day.

Then there are those crudely coloured glass vases, china dogs and other pieces that used to be made for what was called "the mantelpiece trade." Before the war you saw them at village jumble sales selling "stickily." Now they grace the minor antique shops at prices marked in guineas and are in great demand. The fashion for horse brasses was always puzzling. Even the really old ones are comparatively recent and as the number of horses has diminished, so the number of brasses has increased as they have frankly been manufactured for collectors rather than for horses.

FOR the casual buyer, as distinct from the collector, utility is important. The old, but not really antique, fire bucket or brass bound plant holder commands a high price because it makes a waste-paper basket that is "different." The Americans are insistent on adaptions. The brightly coloured vase becomes a lamp, the old coal shovel is miraculously transformed into a wall bracket, the brass carriage lamp that used to carry a feeble

(*Left*) Three members of the famous monkey sets of china. The pieces were made by Herr Kandler of Dresden, who two hundred years ago, was commissioned to model the Emperor Augustus' Orchestra. (*Above*) This is the only known perfect specimen resulting from Josiah Wedgwood's attempt at making three-foot vases. The decoration was probably executed at Chelsea under his partner Bently. The date of the vase is *c.* 1770

Brac Comes Into Fashion . . .

. . . but to make a fortune you must know what the next fashion will be!

candle in the street is adapted to take a 100 watt lamp in the dining-room.

British buyers of old plates, cups and saucers are perhaps unconsciously satisfying the desire for colour starved by the plain china that regulations have demanded for ten years. A friend of mine has collected a "tea set" in which all the cups and saucers are of approximately the same size but different patterns—perhaps she is setting a new fashion for the poor but aesthetic who can no longer pay the forty to one hundred guineas commanded by the kind of tea set their grandmothers brought out for visitors!

Some of the bric-à-brac buyers are collectors and to-day there seems to be nothing that someone does not collect. Plates made to celebrate the coming of age of a squire's or peer's eldest son; china bearing slogans like "Freedom and the Liberty of the People" whose political significance is now obscure; china cats and dogs; plates decorated with flowers or butterflies—they are all collected and enjoy curious fashions. For instance, other things being equal, decorations with flowers and butterflies or birds will command higher prices than decorations with human figures. The dealer whose "antiques" include bric-à-brac is not surprised at being asked for anything these days. I saw one a little taken aback when asked for "old feeding cups" in china, but I gathered afterwards he was not so much surprised as annoyed that only a few days before he had refused to bid even a shilling for one!

WITH the finest antiques prices are remarkably stable from one year to another. Competition is keen and regular auctions establish values. But with bric-à-brac fashions can change quickly. The fashion for cameos which has had a good run since the war, for instance, seems to be waning, perhaps because it has been found easy to produce modern imitations. What will take their place? Seals to wear on charm bracelets? Patch (*Continued on page* 74)

(*Left above*) A carved cameo glass vase by Emil Galle, made in 1875. Each piece made by Emil Galle was individual, original and was signed. (*Left*) The mother-of-pearl miniature dressing-table used by the little girl is French and dates from 1805-10. (*Above*) In contrast, searchers for valuable bric-à-brac hunt in an immense heap of "junk" in Chelsea. Hope springs eternal . . .

What are you reading?

Bookplates from The Times Bookshop

WHEN I was a boy, I was always uplifted by stories of the great men who, at my age, used to go off into the long grass on summer afternoons and read Hobbes, Thomas à Kempis, Hume or Darwin. Sometimes, taking *Leviathan* or *The Origin Of Species* into the long grass myself, I would grimly compose myself for an afternoon's incipient greatness. But it was too hot, or there were insects, or it seemed impossible to get comfortable; and folded up small in my trousers pocket, just in case I got through *Leviathan* too quickly, there would always be the *Magnet*, the *Gem*, or a "comic." Smoothing out one of these over the *Imitation Of Christ*, I always found that heat, insects and discomfort went away.

I knew other boys like this, too. From the Junior Section of the Public Library we got books that would pass muster at home, improving books, rattling-fine-yarn books, wouldn't-mind-reading-'em-again-my-lad books. These we left lying about conspicuously among parents: Henty, Ballantyne, Manville Fenn, Mayne Reid, Marryatt, Jules Verne. The reading we loved, the absorbed reading, done furtively in locked lavatories and especially at bedroom windows in the long, sad twilight of summer evenings, was the reading of paper-backed school stories and bloods; and "comics." But I doubt if many of us were reading these after fourteen or fifteen. By that age we were on to Ian Hay, Dornford Yates, "Sapper," and that fat little obstetrical volume called *The Works Of Aristotle*; and a lot of us, once the grown-ups had stopped telling us what to read, were discovering the inexpressible joy of Dickens.

* * * *

I believe it's different now. The *Magnet* and the *Gem* are dead; "Henty, Fenn and Ballantyne" sounds like a firm of bankrupt solicitors; and childhood seems now to last, in the literary sense, at least until the end of a man's National Service.

When you see a group of soldiers in the train to-day, you will observe that the few who are reading (while they slowly chew) have American sex-and-blood "comics" of the kind now pouring into this country in increasing numbers. These are no longer in any sense comic, of course. Though if I may digress for a moment, it seems to me that they are causing undue anxiety to organizations like the Women's Institutes, the Magistrates' Association, and various education authorities. They certainly look rather nastier than some of the "comics" of my generation, but this is only because the illustrators can draw.

I used to nauseate visiting aunts by reading aloud to them, from my "comics," choice little passages about medieval torture—I knew all the means by which the spirit of sin was at one time exorcized from the faithless, and I wanted to share the thing. But anyone who imagined that gentler stuff was provided in the nineteenth century for those children who were then able to read should study Mr. E. S. Turner's *Boys Will Be Boys*.

We shall never understand what reading does to the young, the kind of reading that we should find harrowing, because we're too old and we've forgotten. "When I was young," said G. K. Chesterton, "a boy stole an apple because he liked the taste. To-day he steals it because his mind is aflame with Dick Turpin."

* * * *

Nevertheless, the modern taste for pictures rather than print is a thing to be reckoned with. The arrival and entrenchment of the "comic strip" is recognized and exploited by progressive education authorities, who go in now for "visual education" in a big way (we used to call it the blackboard). And what about television?

"Forty-two per cent of TV owners," says Mr. Robert Silvey of B.B.C. Listener Research, "are doing less reading." What are they reading less of? No one knows. The public libraries report, on the whole, that everyone is reading more of everything and that children are reading more and more non-fiction. Surely this is encouraging? The forty-two per cent of TV owners who are reading less of something or other are outweighed, I believe (though Mr. Silvey's report doesn't say so), by twenty-eight per cent whose reading habits haven't changed and thirty per cent who are actually reading more. Even so, they make up together quite a small section of the main reading public.

The B.B.C. have found a novel way of finding out whether they are making you read more. They have just finished doing this with four books—Trollope's *Last Chronicle Of Barset* (Home Service, Sunday nights), Galsworthy's *Silver Spoon* (Light Programme, "A Book At Bedtime"), Elizabeth Bowen's *The House In Paris* (Woman's Hour reading), and the twelve (*Continued on page 74*)

Libraries report that everyone is reading more of everything, but what are we reading more of? C. H. Rolph discusses the current taste for literature

THE gods willed that they should reach the island of Seriphos where a fisherman rescued them

OLD TALES RETOLD

Perseus And Andromeda

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WALTER HODGES

STORY BY
ARNOLD WAREING

IN the mythology of the ancient Greeks, who made a cult of spectacular deeds, a man became a hero by performing prodigious tasks to which he was usually destined by oracular prophecy. This was notably true of Perseus, son of Danaë and Zeus, grandson of Acrisius, King of Argos.

An oracle warned Acrisius that he would die by the hand of a grandson, so when his daughter Danaë bore Perseus, and he shrank from slaying them both as caution dictated, he set them adrift on the sea in a chest. Either they would die of starvation or perish in a tempest.

But the gods willed that they should reach the island of Seriphos in the Cyclades, where a fisherman, Dictys, rescued them and took them to his king, Polydectes. Here the child grew up and was at first treated with kindness. The king, however, became jealous of the youth's strength and comeliness, which surpassed that of the other young men of his kingdom. He developed a passion for Danaë and knew that the mother could never be his while the son stood in the way. At all costs—preferably by a stratagem—he must be rid of Perseus.

So he announced that he was to marry the daughter of Oenomaus, King of Pisa in Elis, inviting his courtiers to make suitable presents for the wedding feast. Perseus, ashamed of having nothing to give—as the king well knew he would be—said: "All I have is my skill, and with this I will bring you whatever you wish."

"Then go, thou, and bring me back the head of the Gorgon, Medusa," the king replied.

Medusa, a sea-nymph, had won favour with the sea-god Poseidon but offended Athene, who had changed her and her sisters into monsters so horrible that a mere look from them turned men into stone. Her locks

Perseus fulfils the Greek ideal by accomplishing the task set him by fate and the gods

were writhing serpents; serpents were at her girdle. Would he not perish under her gaze before he could accomplish the deed? Who had yet confronted the Gorgons and lived?

In his dilemma he begged the help of the gods and goddesses, and not in vain. Athene gave him a burnished shield bright as a mirror, Pluto a helmet which would make him invisible, Hermes his wings and winged sandals to make him swift of foot and enable him to fly through the air. Guided by Hermes and Athene, he went first to the Graiae, three old hags on the verge of the ocean who had but one eye and tooth between them, and gained possession of these, promising to return them only if they told him where the Gorgons, their kindred, lived.

This they did, and again guided by Hermes and Athene he sped to the wild, uncouth Libyan desert country of the Gorgons where not only was the land stony but what had once been men and beasts lay like rocks beside the way, petrified by Medusa's deathly glance. Coming to the rocky wilderness where the three Gorgons lay sleeping, he was careful not to look directly at Medusa but only at her reflection in his burnished shield, and thus to break the spell of her gaze should she waken. But even the serpents coiled about her hideous head slumbered. Approaching noiselessly, he severed the head with one stroke of his sword, dropped the monstrous thing into a bag he had brought with him, and made off, swift as the wind, with the two aroused sisters shrieking after him.

OVER many lands he flew on the wings of Hermes until he came to the darkling kingdom of the giant Atlas and thought he would rest there for the night; but when he begged food and shelter, saying he was the son of Zeus and could entertain Atlas with tales of mighty deeds, Atlas bade him: "Begone! For your lying tales will avail you nothing here!"

An oracle had warned him that a son of Zeus would come one day and strip of their golden apples the gardens of his daughters, the Hesperides; so roughly he seized Perseus, thrusting him out of the palace. Perseus pleaded, resisted, but was no match for the giant's strength. Remembering the power that was his

PERSEUS flew over the monster, which was now nearing the shore, breasting the waves in a fury, and cast his shadow just ahead to serve as decoy

now that he possessed the dread Medusa's head, he pulled it from the bag and, averting his own eyes, held it up before Atlas. Instantly the giant was turned into a mountain doomed for ever to hold the heavens upon his back, for even in death those staring eyes could petrify all whom they beheld.

On again with the dawn flew Perseus, south over the land of Ethiopia, and there—bound to a rock in perilous mountain fastnesses that frowned over the sea—he saw a most beautiful maiden, noble of face and limb, immovable as a statue, but with tragic dark eyes, tears glistening on her cheeks, dark hair billowing about her in the wind.

ALIGHTING beside her, he asked who was she, and why was she thus bound captive? At first she could not reply, for modesty held her mute; but for her bonds she would have shrunk away and fled from his gaze. Then slowly, painfully, she unfolded a story that quickened love for her in his heart.

She was Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, and his lovely queen, Cassiopeia. Her mother had foolishly boasted that she surpassed even the Nereids, the goddess-like sea nymphs, in beauty, if not the goddess Hera herself. Affronted, they had called on their father, Poseidon, to avenge the insult. He had sent the sea flooding over land, and a fierce sea-monster to lay waste and ravage it, threatening widespread havoc and destruction. Her panic-stricken father had consulted an oracle and been told that Poseidon's wrath could be appeased only if his daughter were delivered to the monster. So she had been bound to this rock to await its coming.

Even as she spoke Perseus saw a mournful procession wind down to the shore: the king and queen with their courtiers and a throng of people, sadly bewailing the sacrifice of the loved Andromeda to save their menaced kingdom. The girl wept anew, seeing them, then cried out in fear, for from the sea, with an evil roar, came the monster intent on devouring her, its hideous jaws hungrier for prey than the sea itself when storms lash it and the indigo heavens are rent with lightning.

Without an instant's loss Perseus flew

over to the king and queen and said: "I am Perseus, the son of Zeus, and he who slew the Gorgon, Medusa. Give me your daughter in marriage, and with the gods' aid I will save her from this monster!"

Forgetting that they had already pledged her to her uncle, Phineus, they in desperation consented. Perseus flew over the monster, which was now nearing the shore, breasting the waves in a fury, and cast his shadow just ahead of it to serve as decoy. Enraged, the monster lunged for the shadow, and while it was thus engaged, Perseus swooped and buried his sword in its neck.

The swooning Andromeda was quickly free, Perseus acclaimed her betrothed, and a sumptuous wedding feast arranged in the palace, with minstrels to play nuptial music on pipe and lyre. But as the celebrations drew to a close the banqueters heard shouts and the clank of arms outside, the doors were flung wide, and into the hall strode Phineus, brandishing a spear, at the head of an armed company.

"I come to avenge the stealing of my rightful bride!" he stormed, turning to Perseus. "Neither your tales of gods nor your vaunted wings can save you!"

The king pleaded with him, saying: "Brother, you did not deserve my daughter, for you made no attempt to save her, as Perseus did. Who has more right to her than he?"

But Phineus, in a rage, flung the spear at Perseus who quickly leapt aside. Instantly the wedding feast became a battlefield with spears cleaving the air, the clash of arms, the cries of wounded men and women. Covering the king and queen and Andromeda were their guards and courtiers, with Perseus at their head laying about him with his sword, slaying right and left. But still more of Phineus's men rushed into the fray, hemming him in. Of what avail was his strength against such odds?

"Turn away your eyes! Do not look upon this!" he cried to the royal defenders; and, grasping the head of Medusa, held it aloft facing the oncoming horde.

A captain in the act of launching his spear suddenly froze to stone. Others around him stood petrified, immovable, with unseeing eyes. The defenders were facing a grotesque army of statues.

Returning to Seriphos, and finding his mother living in fear of Polydectes, he punished the tyrant in a like manner and made the fisherman Dictys king as a reward for protecting her. Then, with his mother and wife, he went back to his own country but found that Acrisius had gone into Thessaly. Following him to Larissa, Perseus found him there presiding over the celebrated games, and taking part in the discus-throwing, accidentally struck and killed him.

He and Andromeda had many sons and daughters; from their first-born, Perses, the kings of Persia traced their origin. After his death he was made a hero—less than a god, more than a man—and given a temple in Athens. He had fulfilled a Greek ideal in legend as in life: that a man should accomplish the tasks set him by fate and the gods, however insuperable they may seem and however severe the odds against him

END

"I come to avenge the stealing of my rightful bride"

Temple Newsam, near Leeds, from south.

Elizabethan Legacy

BY

G. BERNARD WOOD.

THE dawn of a second Elizabethan era, with the accession of Queen Elizabeth II., inevitably recalls the Golden Age of England—the England of Drake, Raleigh, Shakespeare, the England of the masque and madrigal, the England that saw the rise of so many stately homes and the enrichment of others.

As the story of Elizabeth I. and her times is so clearly embodied in some of those mansions, let us make a brief tour and attempt to breathe the air of the first Elizabethans. The exercise will enable us to see how vastly we of the later dispensation differ in temper and outlook from our sixteenth-century namesakes.

Hampton Court Palace was a comparatively new building when Elizabeth ascended the throne. Cardinal Wolsey had designed the place for his own use and glory; the Italian craftsmen he employed made it the finest building of its kind ever seen in England. When Henry VIII. asked his Cardinal why he needed to build such a palace, Wolsey—sensing the King's concern—cautiously replied, " In order to show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign." Henry was delighted with the unexpected gift, and in due course increased its amenities by adding a battlemented bridge in honour of his " owne darling," Anne Boleyn—mother of Queen Elizabeth. In this wonderful palace where Henry grew accustomed to spending his honeymoons, doubtless dispelling thoughts of earlier " darlings " by singing madrigals to his latest conquest, down by the river—here, Elizabeth spent much of her childhood; here, despite the memory of a mother executed to make way for Jane Seymour (whose ghost now haunts Hampton Court), Elizabeth romped through some of her coquettish youth, and later—as Queen—received her statesmen and foreign ambassadors, playing one off against the other, so shaping the policy that *made* " This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England."

(*Continued on page* 68)

Left: Augustine Steward's house in Norwich. Elizabethan wing in Tom Bland Alley. **Above:** The Elizabethan Rectory, Guiseley, near Leeds (viewed from the Old Moat). **Right:** The Elizabethan corner at Woodbridge Shire Hall (viewed from Seckford Street).

The first Elizabethan era saw the rise of many stately homes and the enrichment of others. Such is our Elizabethan legacy to-day.

BY
GUY LIVINGSTON

Dodgson's Alice (Miss Alice Pleasance Liddell, later Mrs. Hargreaves).

THE IMMORTAL ALICE

ALICE PLEASANCE LIDDELL was no different from a million children before and after her when she said ninety years ago to a shy, kindly young man: "Tell me a story." But unlike all those others, she happened to pick on a story-teller who was in his way a genius, one who made her the heroine of a fantasy that immortalised her name and put her among the unforgettable characters of English literature.

Now, in this centenary year of Alice Liddell's birth, it can be recorded that the story-book Alice that she inspired is no whit less fascinating to sophisticated moderns than to the demure and crinolined Victorian misses of the 'sixties. And—as evidence of fame far beyond the nursery and the schoolroom—the *Adventures in Wonderland* have become, after the Bible and Shakespeare's works, perhaps the most quoted-from of any book in English.

The Alice of the *Adventures* was first heard of in 1862, "all in the golden afternoon" of a July day when Charles Lutwidge Dodgson and a friend took the three young Liddell sisters—Lorina Charlotte (aged thirteen), Alice (ten) and Edith (eight), daughters of the Dean of Christ Church, on a river-picnic near Oxford.

It was not the first of such trips, nor the first time that Charles Dodgson, thirty-year-old lecturer in mathematics at Christ Church, had told the sisters a story. But now—Alice Liddell later recalled it as a scorching day that drove them from their boat to the shade of a haystack on the bank—in response to the familiar demand he launched out into something new, a tale of the subterranean exploits of a little girl whom he modelled on the raptly listening Alice. He called it *Alice's Adventures Underground*.

Alice was so taken with this first instalment that she begged Dodgson to write the story out. He did so, completing the manuscript by the following February. Initially he had no idea of publishing it; but a friend of his, George Macdonald, saw it, recognised its rare qualities and persuaded Dodgson to send it to a publisher.

Diffidently submitting the manuscript—expanded to almost twice its original length—to Macmillans, the young lecturer of Christ Church was surprised and gratified to learn that it was accepted. So it was that his impromptu tale, casually spun in idle summer moments for the private ears of three small listeners, was committed to the permanence of print, to be broadcast to a vast and—as it turned out—endlessly delighted public.

In the matter of illustrations, (*Continued on page* 68)

The Rev. C. L. Dodgson, from Harkomer's (posthumous) portrait in Christ Church Hall, Oxford, made in 1899.

TENNIEL'S ALICE
(Miss Mary Hilton Badcock, later Mrs. Probert).

A chance story told to three young girls gave birth to one of the most unforgettable characters in English literature.

The Towers

By

NEIL BELL

IT was only after much persuasion from his wife that Lord Telfer at last consented to celebrate their silver wedding by a week-end party at The Towers, Sussex. The expense was his main objection. The guests finally agreed upon by Lord and Lady Telfer would have done honour to any house, even a Royal one.

They began to arrive on Saturday, and continued to arrive in batches until late afternoon.

Cocktails were at seven-thirty and the great banquet was to begin at eight. It was expected to last two hours. The Hotel Splendide had very graciously (at the request of Lord Parvoe, a large shareholder) lent its celebrated chef, Signor Baretti, who had brought with him three waiters. As the accommodation at The Towers was stretched to its utmost limits, Baretti and his waiters were to sleep at the village inn.

After the banquet there would be smoking and chatting and a stroll in the gardens for those who felt up to it. Bruno Offstein, the famous tenor, and Madame Pirelli, "the Italian Nightingale," would then entertain for half an hour, when there would be a brief interval. It was to be followed by more Offstein and Pirelli, and then at midnight the affair was to end by the bringing-in of the famous Telfer punch (in the bowl dating back to the days of Elizabeth) and the drinking of the health of Lord and Lady Telfer. At this ceremony the inside staff of The Towers was to be present without exception, and the health would be drunk from the silver punch-cups, a hundred in number and as old as the bowl.

The evening went as had been planned. There was no single hitch, no untoward incident to mar the occasion. The banquet, held in the huge old banqueting-hall and lit by a hundred soft lights from ceiling and sconces, was a breath-taking spectacle. The men who were entitled to do so wore uniforms and orders; and the jewellery of the women blinded the eye with its ever-changing dancing glitter and sparkle.

Shortly after midnight, the toast having been drunk, cheers given and a very brief speech made by Lord Telfer, followed by a word from her ladyship, everyone went to bed. Signor Baretti and his waiters had, some half-hour previously, taken themselves off to The Five Bells in the village.

The guests began to arrive at The Towers early on Saturday, and continued to arrive in batches until late afternoon.

The evening went as planned. There was no single hitch, no untoward incident to mar the occasion.

The celebrations at The Towers was an event none of the guests could ever forget.

LONG before breakfast was due at The Towers (nine o'clock) the great house resembled nothing so much as a disturbed beehive. About half-past seven a guest, Lord Morell, had woken, feeling distinctly liverish, and opening a sticky eye had noticed their bedroom door was ajar. He presently thought he noticed that other things had been slightly displaced, and waking his wife, who yawned, made a flatulent noise, and told him to get her the Eno's, asked if she noticed anything odd about the room. She sat up, with much heaving and gasping, for she was a fat woman and rheumatic. She looked about her, at first with that casual indifference to a query that long familiarity with someone breeds; and then, abruptly, her attitude changed. She leaned forward. She clutched the eiderdown. She cried out: "Someone 's been in the room, Charles. Help me out of bed." But she could not wait to be helped. She somehow scrambled out, shooting the eiderdown on to the floor.

Despite her fourteen stone and her rheumatism, Lady Morell was now displaying the utmost activity as she darted here and there about the room, watched by her husband, who was now smoking a cigarette to take the taste out of his mouth.

Lady Morell turned to face him. Despite her elephantine figure, despite her disordered hair, despite her raddled, toothless face and her crumpled nightdress, fallen open to disclose one huge mottled breast, despair and fury lent her a measure of dignity. "All my jewellery is gone, Charles," she said.

"Nonsense, my dear," Lord Morell said, wishing to God someone would hurry up with a cup of tea; "you 've forgotten where you put them."

"Come and see for yourself," she said, and there was heartbreak in her voice. She might have been keening beside the bed of an only child.

Lord Morell came and saw. "Good God!" he said; and then, abruptly: "Listen!" They stood still beside the dressing-table, facing one another, sideways to the looking-glass, so that there seemed four motionless grotesque figures standing there. "Listen to that," Lord Morell said; "the whole place is in an uproar. You 're not the only one who 's been robbed. There are probably half-a-dozen others."

IT was an under-statement. When presently Lord and Lady Telfer and the hastily-clothed guests were gathered in the library (above whose great hearth was the Telfer coat-of-arms and the motto *Fidelis Atque Ferox*) there were only a few who had not losses to report.

But it was the women's losses which were quite staggering. Most of them had lost all their jewellery, some of it family heirlooms; Lady Morell's diamond tiara alone being worth, she declared hysterically, more than £10,000. At a first rough estimate by Lord Coyne, the banker, the total loss exceeded £250,000.

It was shortly after eleven o'clock that Detective-Inspector Lowndes and Detective-Sergeants Clough and Ellis arrived from Scotland Yard. Lord Telfer took Lowndes to his study for a preliminary discussion, while Clough and Ellis made an inspection of the bedrooms.

"Please give me," Lowndes said, "as detailed a description as you can of the evening's events."

Lord Telfer, who thought this rather an odd request, told what he could remember, and then Lowndes said: "The toast was drunk at midnight, everyone, including the staff, taking part in the ceremony?"

"Yes."

"Was there anyone not present?"

"Yes. But they were neither guests nor members of my staff. They were Mr. Baretti and three (*Continued on page 70*)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD OSMOND.

THE banquet, held in the huge old banqueting hall and lit by a hundred soft lights from ceiling and sconces, was a breath-taking spectacle

The informal pool at the base of the lovely rock garden in the Royal Horticultural Society's grounds at Wisley. "Kniffia Linearis" throws the reflections of its blossom among the green mirrored shadows of water starred with pink lilies

Water Gardening

W. E. Shewell-Cooper, M.B.E., Ph.D., N.D.H., F.L.S., Principal The Horticultural Training Centre, Thaxted, writes on the plants which flourish about a garden pool

IT has been said that the present century marks an epoch in the art of water gardening. A pool may be of value for the reflections it gives. A pool can be formal or informal. It can be suitably placed at the bottom of a lawn or even be quite near the house, or if it is informal it can be made close to the rock garden to which perhaps it will be connected by a small stream. When thinking of the garden pool, I always remember the Persian motto which says "If there is a heaven upon earth—it is here—it is here!"

It must be remembered that the waste matter that accumulates in pools is considerable and it is this that makes it essential that sufficient plants are grown to absorb all this material. I always say that one plant is needed to every square foot of pool and this includes the smaller growing subjects as well as the larger ones. It is quite true to say that the more sparsely a pool is planted, the longer it takes to mature. It is a common belief that it is necessary to cover any soil at the bottom of the pool with silver sand and that it is this that will help to keep the water clear. There's no truth in the fable at all—it is just a question of balance.

If a pool is to be a success, it mustn't prove a breeding place for insects. It mustn't be "smelly" and it must be furnished with plants, fish and crustacea. For instance, for a round pool six feet in diameter and two feet deep in the middle, you can easily have one pink lily and around it three plants each of *Anacharis, Apium, Ceratophyllum, Elodea crispa* and *Hottonia palustris*. In addition there will be four each of three species of goldfish plus thirty-six ramshorn snails. Furnish a pool in this way and it will keep perfectly sweet all the year round naturally, because of the correct balance of nature.

Once we have grasped the principles of the number of plants, the fish needed and the scavengers, we can think seriously of the many aquatics there are to choose from. We start undoubtedly with the water lilies and these can be easily grouped into those that will grow in twelve inches of water, two feet of water, three feet of water, and so on. There are, so to speak, water lilies to suit every kind of pool. Take for instance, the tiny pool. This could grow *Nymphaea Odorata minor* which produces small star-shaped flowers with a beautiful scent. If the pool is larger and deeper then one can recommend Paul Hariot, because the flowers change from copper pink to bright red and the foliage is green with maroon spots.

From there we come to the deeper and bigger pools still and one of my favourites is Escarboucle which bears bright crimson flowers with matching stamens, or James Brydon because of its peony shaped crimson flowers with golden stamens. These water lilies are usually planted during the months of May and June just as they have started growing vigorously. Firm planting is necessary and in order to prevent the lily from rising while the water is running into the pool, large stones can be placed around it and these can be left in position for say six weeks. It is always a good plan to cover the plants with only a few inches of water until growth commences, then as the plants progress the pool may be filled.

However, we must leave the hundreds of water lilies and pass on to the ordinary aquatics. Many are planted in very much the same way. Some need their crowns covered with four or five inches of water and others with twelve or fifteen inches. Some like their flowers and foliage floating on the surface and some have them standing well above the water level. Some, like the submerged oxygenators do their work under the water all the time and if they are kept healthy such plants work every day to keep the water clear. There are floating aquatics too like the *Lemna, Riccia* and *Stratiotes aloides*, which never root into the soil.

THE list of plants that one can grow in a pool is extraordinarily large and I just want to choose some favourites. We'll start with the water violet (*Hottonia palustris*) which produces rosettes of pea green fernlike foliage and white and lavender flowers. It usually grows from six to twelve inches above the water. The water poppy (*Hydrocleys Commersonii*) produces heart-shaped dark-green leaves which float on the surface, but the glorious yellow poppy-like flowers are well above the water. It likes a warm spot. The golden club (*Orontium aquaticum*) loves to grow at the pond edge. The leaves are so coated with wax that they are impervious to water and the flowers are yellow and early.

Then there's a great group of plants which can be grown round about the pool. The *Astilbes* for instance, can be massed, including named varieties like Bremen the salmon red; Granite the dark crimson and Silvery Sheet the silvery white. Some like to grow the Ladies' Slipper orchids (*Cypripedium acaule*) which are very happy in moist soil with plenty of chopped sphagnum moss incorporated. The purpley rose-coloured orchids are produced on stems ten inches high. There's a big family of irises which love the water edge. They are called the (*Continued on page 75*)

The naturalistic pool is for the more extensive garden, but the formal pool, like the one on the right, lends itself as a focal attraction for a lawn of any reasonable size

Books:

Reviewed by

Trevor Allen

HOW colourful—and behind the greasepaint, how often tragic—were the lives of the Paris dancers of the *Can-can* nineties! Jane Avril was born Jeanne Richepin, daughter of one of the younger sisterhood of the *grandes horizontales* of the Second Empire and her Italian lover the Marchese de Font. She was warded out to grandparents until the age of nine, when she became the drudge of a passé, half-mad mother; but defiantly she danced her way into fame and the friendship of the rich and illustrious. Jose Shercliff says in **"Jane Avril Of The Moulin Rouge"** (Jarrolds, 16s.) that all her life she was to find that "what she believed was her fierce independence was really the escape from one servitude to another. From the servitude of love she turned to the servitude of the dance, and from the servitude of the dance to that of some new love." Miss Shercliff romanticizes her at a high emotional pitch, but all the glitter of Bohemian Paris is in the story, which carries fourteen drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec.

JANE, because of her hard childhood, would have been touched, I'm sure, by the story of little **"Anne Frank"** (Constellation Books, 12s. 6d.) who at thirteen had to hide from the Gestapo with her Jewish family in upper sealed-off rooms of an office building in Amsterdam. Others joined them there, and her diary—found after her death at fifteen in Bergen-Belsen Concentration Camp, two months before Holland was freed—records acutely the frictions and torments of minds cooped up and the dawning of love for a young fellow-refugee. Storm Jameson pays a feeling tribute to the pathetic yet hopeful confidences of this girl with the gaunt, piteous, smiling face who wrote at fifteen: "I feel that I am a woman . . . who has both moral energy and courage."

IN some ways Prince Albert may have been a slightly pompous, ridiculous figure, but we accept now that he achieved much in setting the staunch family standards of modern royalty and, in face of hostility and suspicion, tamed both the British people and their headstrong Queen. Writing from this angle, E. E. P. Tisdall subtitles his **"Restless Consort"** (Stanley Paul, 16s.) "The Invasion of Albert the Conqueror." We learn little new about him, but the familiar is presented in a vivid, anecdotally intimate way which royal memoirists will enjoy.

A SEASONAL quarto from Kyoto, Japan, is T. Nishimura's **"Ikenobo School Of Japanese Floral Art"** which interprets the love and arrangement of flowers in prose poem, practical homily, drawings, diagrams and exquisite photographs and colour-prints, stressing the harmonizing of vase or bowl with plant in one artistic unity. With less pleasant memories, this is an aspect of Japanese art and craft we welcome and applaud! Flowers before bombs and bayonets, any day. . . .

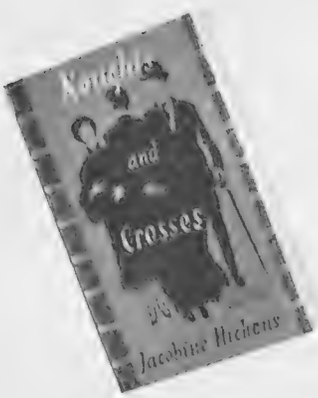
WHO, under the July sun (if any) is not agog for new places? As a Merchant Navy radio officer Michael F. Page found his in two and a half years' voyaging to Japan, China, Singapore, Batavia, the Andamans and Mergui Archipelago of plus-800 islands off the Burma coast. **"A Sea With Many Islands"** (Hale, 16s.) is a plain sailor's story of landfalls, ports, native peoples, and the fun of seafaring. At one island "I removed my dental plate and let it grin on my palm for a few seconds. This impressed them so much that one of the women let out a piercing scream and overturned her cooking-pot!"

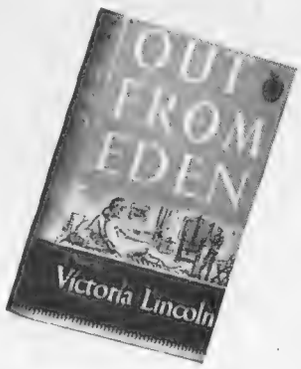
CHARLES DUFF not only loves his native land with a passion. In **"Ireland And The Irish"** (Boardman, 15s.) he will guide you to its best centres for exploration, and even through the intricacies of the Irish temperament. He asked an Irish poet what he thought of George Moore. "Between you and me, Moore is one of the biggest bores in Christendom." He then asked Moore what he thought of the poet. "He's not a bad fellow . . . very kind and well meaning. But, God save us all, what a bore!" Told of this, George Russell (A.E.) said: "Do you know, they were both right." (*Continued on page* 60)

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

WHAT makes an intelligent novel? Wit, character, lucid writing, a nearness to life? Jacobine Hichens's **"Noughts And Crosses"** (Putnam, 12s. 6d.) has these virtues. It is about Elizabeth, teacher at a school specializing in "community consciousness" (at ninety guineas a term) whose head starts an "international friendship movement." Besides school problems, Elizabeth has a religious one, for a Roman Catholic Guardee wishes to marry her and take her to a priest for instruction. Also, she has a mother, titled county, who not only buys "empty heifers" but goes to a sale for a bottle-washer and emerges with a job lot of 117 lavatories which she's sure she can sell again at an "enormous profit." A story more than worthy of its gay background: Festival Year, 1951.

The family in Victoria Lincoln's **"Out From Eden"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is that of a U.S. artist who has married his Olympian ex-mill girl model and, when he gets an idea for a picture, shouts: "Jess, I've got it worked out! Come in and take your clothes off." She has naïve views on art and wants an electric washer. Son Todd and daughter Topsy want love and dreams. A rare family written up with humour, passion, poignancy and beauty. Both these novels will delight the discriminating, civilized reader: i.e. you and me.





Let the doors be Shut

By
JOHN PREBBLE

FLETCHER had been hiding in the ditch for five minutes. The deep cluster of meadowsweet that filled the shallow trough was like a tangled veil of muslin. In the centre of it Fletcher pressed his body deeper against the earth and dry roots, feeling the coolness of the soil reaching him through his itching clothes. His eyes watched the roadway calmly through the fretwork of stems and saw, without interest, how the heat twisted the air above the tarred surface and sent it upward in quivering folds.

The road lay between him and the hut on the hillside. He had taken an hour and a half to cross the valley, lurking from ditch to hedgerow, pausing frequently like this to study the open fields and the lonely road. He did not think he had been seen, but he could not be sure.

Early that morning, in search of food, he had broken into a house on the edge of the village. A newspaper he had found there had told him, more thoroughly than he himself could remember, something of his life during the last five days. Also, with a malevolence only he could appreciate, it gave him some idea of what it was to be in the future.

Standing in the kitchen of the house, shading a match with his palm, he had read that there were already three hundred police and civilians looking for him, and that if he were not caught within twenty-four hours the police would ask the Army for

FLETCHER caught his breath with a cry and clutched the pistol in his pocket. The stranger did not move

He soon found that there are worse places for a convict than behind prison walls

assistance. He had been arrogantly proud when he read that. He felt that only by skill and cunning had he been able to outwit those searching for him.

Yet now, in the ditch, to find the valley deserted and indifferent was an anti-climax. Even in his relief he felt that the newspaper had played a broad practical joke on his vanity.

IT was true that he had travelled ten miles since he had entered the house, taking the high road along the downs while it was still night, travelling within view and smell of the listless sea. The police, however patient and determined in pursuit of him, must move slowly. He wondered why he took risks, coming into the open like this, and in wondering answered his own question.

He wanted the gun. Not because he wished to use it, or had even faced the fact that he might have to use it. He wanted the comfort and feeling of security it gave him. Without it he felt alone and neglected. A gun in his pocket gave him unquestioned loyalty.

Yet as he lay in the meadow-sweet, afraid to cross the road, he swore at his own foolishness. When he escaped from prison, five days before, he had promised himself that he would not stay twice in one place, that he would move on, move on again. Then, the night before last, the gun must have slipped from his pocket as he lay in the hut on the hill, and now he had to return for it.

The police knew that he had stolen the gun within a day of his escape. The newspaper, in tones of mild alarm, had warned its readers that Fletcher might be expected to use the gun.

Remembering this now Fletcher felt a double loss in the weapon. Anxious to recover it he raised himself on his heavy hands until his head broke through the foam of tiny flowers. There was a steady hum from the insects that hung above him. They were drunk with the heat and the scent of the meadow-sweet, and as he raised his head they dropped in the air and spun about his forehead. He did not brush them away. He watched the roadway cunningly.

His head, resting bodyless on the blossoms it seemed, was big, no broader at the brows than at the chin. His skin was mottled by unshaven hairs that glittered with sweat, his lips had an immobile truculence. Yet it was still a young face, young and vaguely frightened.

HE watched the roadway cautiously, looking first one way and then the other, and then sank slowly into the flowers again. The ball of insects bounced a foot in the air and hung there, waiting.

He listened, and heard the noise of a bicycle-bell and a girl's voice singing. It was a shrill voice and unmusical, shouting the words of a song unintelligibly. Fletcher felt his body stiffen, flesh and muscle contracting, and the force of his breathing shook the stems of the flowers and scattered him with their dusty pollen. Slowly, carefully, he raised his head.

The cycle was approaching from the village, where the road was shimmering, and he screwed his eyes to bring the scene into focus. The rider was a young girl, pedalling her cycle lazily, tacking from side to side with the contented indolence of a child who knows that time is endless. The morning sun gleamed on the turning spokes of the wheels and fell in dark shadows on the pleats of her skirt. Her legs moved slowly, and now and then she took one hand from the handle-bars and combed it upward through the hair at the nape of her neck.

AS she approached he saw her looking in his direction and by the change of expression on her face he knew that she had seen him. Her song stopped (*Continued on page 62*)

CLIMBING the hill-slope towards him he saw a thin line of policemen and soldiers. He ran to meet it, sobbing with relief

Elizabeth Browning, hypersensitive daughter of a stern, but perhaps not untypical Victorian father. Below, Branwell Brontë's portrait of his three sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne.—National Portrait Gallery

In

TWO figures have become a part of literary history simply because fate made each the father of a famous daughter. They have grown into an actual legend. And in so doing have assumed characters which I firmly believe those famous daughters would deplore and vehemently protest against. . . . Edward Moulton Barrett, father of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The Reverend Patrick Brontë, father of Charlotte. You will see them portrayed on the stage and the screen as positive monsters. . . . "Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street," indeed, has become a phrase in the language to denote a domestic tyrant of the darkest dye.

Let us consider the picture for a moment.

Very handsome, very rich, Edward Barrett fell in love and married before he was twenty-one. His bride was lovely, gentle, and an heiress. She assuredly married him for love; since, with her beauty and her dowry, the only wonder was that she had not married before. She was six years older than he.

He was not even middle-aged when he was left a widower with eleven children . . . and became, for posterity, that fearsome tyrant-figure, rigid in self-righteousness, ruling his vast household with a scourge. There is even a vague, general notion that gentle Mary

By

KATHLEEN

WALLACE

History has dealt severely with two men whose claim to interest lies solely in the fact that they were the fathers of famous children, but one who has made an exhaustive study of the subject brings some forceful counter arguments to bear upon the popular assessment of Edward Barrett and Patrick Brontë

Defence of Fathers

The home of Edward Moulton Barrett, father of Elizabeth Browning, in Wimpole Street

Barrett bore her numerous children in fear, not love. . . .

WHAT are the facts? Lovely, docile Mary died, as countless women of her period, neither lovely nor docile, died : from perpetual child-bearing. But that was an accepted lot, in her time. Only modern progress and enlightenment recognizes it as a tragedy. There is no trace of evidence that she herself did. And from the time of her death, her husband kept her room as a shrine, just as Queen Victoria kept her husband's. And when Edward Barrett died, his body was taken to rest beside her, from London to the country churchyard where she lay.

He was an autocrat in his household. And his anger was feared. But almost every father of the period was ruler of the house and though no one can deny his temper, not every daughter would faint (like Elizabeth) or have hysterics (like Henrietta) because of an angry scene about a suitor. A suitor, incidentally, whom the volatile Henrietta gave up and replaced with an ease which shocked Elizabeth, who said : "In fact, she had no true attachment."

He was adamant on one issue : he could not endure the idea that any of his children, men or girls, should marry. It was not only Elizabeth, his favourite child, his pride and his care. The ban lay on each and all. It has been suggested that this "obliquity" as Elizabeth called it was due to extreme possessiveness. In his own fashion—as will be shown—Edward Barrett loved his brood. But surely the cause goes deeper? Here was a man in the prime of life, a combination of two conflicting qualities : he was ardent, passionate, but a puritan. . . . And he had seen his childhood home wrecked by passions unrestrained. A widower with eleven children, however wealthy, does not easily find a second wife. And there is no reason to suppose that he ever tried to replace the gentle Mary whom he had loved. But his rigid principles forbade any consoling love-affairs. . . . So, a warped, embittered resentment of younger, happier loves, became an obsession with him. . . .

Queen Victoria had something of the same attitude in her self absorbed widowhood. She had, for State reasons, to sanction marriage for her children, but she would never endure a romance or engagement of theirs to be carried on in their royal home, and she banished the Prince of Wales on a foreign tour directly she had brought about his betrothal to Princess Alexandra.

APART from this inexorable and purblind attitude, the Barretts had a freedom and an indulgence which makes the contrast fantastic. No love-affairs : and Papa's evenings when he came back from the City must not be invaded by their visitors, he would only entertain relatives, which he did copiously. But they could have endless visitors through the day and dine out and go to parties or on visits as they chose. Arabella and Henrietta had an active social life of their own. Elizabeth could receive what men visitors she liked, in her own room. It was considered part of her life as a famous literary lady, even by Papa. In fact, the freedom to receive young men accorded to all the girls was a matter of astonishment and comment among friends and relations.

He was immensely proud of her gifts and she was his idol. And one thing should not be forgotten; Elizabeth loved him devotedly. An early poem of hers written for his birthday is bad verse but memorable for the happy tenderness which it describes.

"No name can e'er on tablet shine,
My Father ! more beloved than thine.

"For 'neath thy gentleness of praise,
My father ! rose my early lays !

"More dear than all the world beside !"

It was not all in such an intense key; they shared jokes, they enjoyed one another's company. After Robert Browning's first visit Elizabeth, somewhat overwhelmed by that powerful personality, complained (*Continued on page* 60)

Haworth Parsonage where Patrick Brontë brought up his brood of strange and talented children

Accessories for Sun

THE three-piece sun dress (skirt, suntop and headscarf), sketched on the left, can be run up in an evening on a machine because there are only hems and one seam to the making of it. For sizes up to 27 in. waist and 27 in. skirt length, 2¼ yards of 36 in. material are required. Larger sizes require an extra ½–¼ yd. material or, better still, a wider fabric if it is available.

To cut out the skirt, mark off the extra quarter of a yard, and double the remaining 2 yards in half lengthwise as indicated in the diagram on page 62. First step is to mark the waistline, which is a quarter circle drawn with the folded corner of the material as the centre of the circle. The measurements given are for a 24 in. waist, but you can calculate your own measurement if you remember that the radius of the circle must be about one-third of your waist measurement.

Then mark in the hemline, which is another quarter, drawn at the required depth from the waist. In this case the skirt length was to be 27 in. plus one inch for turnings. For the larger sizes it will be necessary to double 2⅛ yd. of material and if using 36-in. material, to add an extra piece of material on the width. Mark the lines in chalk or pins and cut out.

TO make up the skirt, the side seam is stitched to within 8 in. of the top and a zip fastener inserted. The waistband is cut from the larger of the two remaining pieces, stiffened with skirt petersham and stitched to the skirt. Then it needs only the hem to be sewn and the skirt is finished.

The suntop is made from the larger of the two remaining pieces. Cut a triangle as indicated in the sketch and bind the raw edges. Turn down 1½ in. at the apex of the triangle for a draw-string to be inserted. Dart underarm for a good fit. The two ends of the top tie at the back and the draw-string fastens round the neck.

For the headscarf, cut a triangle from the remaining material about 20 in. wide and 12 in. from the apex. Hem the raw edges. Take a piece of matching ribbon about ¾ yd. long and stitch the centre of the ribbon to the centre of the longest side of the fabric triangle for about 8 in. The ribbon now ties at the back of the head, holding the scarf secure, but allowing the three points to hang free.

A beach stole to serve as a towel, made in coloured terry and a capacious beach bag are both practical and decorative beach accessories to be made quickly and inexpensively. You will need two natural-coloured floor cloths about 15 in. square for the beach bag and one yard of coloured terry towelling for the stole, 5½ yd. of bright coloured webbing, 1 yd. red braid, 3 yd. natural coloured furnishing fringe, a small piece of material for the bag lining and a pair of wooden handles.

TO make the stole, cut the towelling in half, lengthwise, and join the ends together to make one length 2 yd. long and 18 in. wide. Machine all round the edges. Cut four strips of webbing, two of braid and two lengths of fringe, all 18 in. long to be stitched across the width of the towel at each end. Turning (*Continued on page* 62)

To feminine minds, holidays are a heaven-sent opportunity to wear something gay, something glamorous, something a little out of the every-day run. There are sophisticated etceteras to buy, some of which are assembled on the page opposite, and snappy outfits to be conjured out of next to nothing and an evening's sewing

If you are looking for gay raffia handbags and sunhats like these from little more than one guinea upwards, or amusing beach jewellery like the cat-bell necklace and bracelet, visit the Little Shops at John Lewis or Peter Jones. For a parasol to match your dress £5 5s., the beach bag which hangs over a chair arm, a figure-flattering swim-suit or Ferragamo's Turkish toed shoes 72s. 6d., go to Fortnum and Mason. Try on the Floral decorated sunspecs at any good opticians. Find the candlewick beach jacket £2 9s. 6d., raffia hatpins from 3s. 11½d. and the painted wooden bead necklace 16s. 11d. at Fenwicks, the white sandals £2 9s. 9d. at Lilley and Skinner

Lowan

Death in the Patio

By RICHARD REYNOLDS
ILLUSTRATIONS By L. LOWEN

IN the late afternoon José was mopping the flagstone surface of the patio just inside the hotel entrance when the *gringo* and his wife arrived from the station in a taxi. For an instant he paused; then he saw it was too late to help carry their luggage inside. A swarm of street urchins had flung themselves at the taxi when it stopped and six of them captured the luggage. José went on mopping.

He was thirteen, short and very thin except for his chest, which was wide and deep. His feet were bare. A single cloth suspender held up his worn, bluish cotton trousers. Many washings had bleached his shirt from its original pink to a dingy white.

He worked intently, his bronze face impassive under the close-cropped, slightly wavy black hair. His mop consisted of a staff with a short wooden T nailed on the end of it, and a sopping, dirty-grey muslin cloth loosely wrapped around the T. He slithered the cloth rapidly over the stones, now and then dipping it into a bucket of water. It did not appear to be an efficient process, yet when he had finished and was carrying the bucket and mop to the rear of the patio the dust was gone from the worn flagstones and they were cool and inviting to walk upon.

The *gringo* was tall, with red hair and big, freckled hands and long arms. The woman's head came to his shoulder. She wore a blue dress which was neat and unwrinkled despite the long, dusty train ride from the capital. The two of them walked under the high arched portal to a battered counter just beyond the stairway that led up to the second-floor gallery. The urchins had set the luggage in front of the counter and now the man gave each of them a coin. They ran out of the hotel, chattering like a flock of noisy birds. The man turned to sign the registry book which the fat proprietor opened, and while he was signing the woman surveyed the patio.

IT was an old colonial hotel, three stories high. From the ground in the centre of the patio grew an immense laurel tree which sent its topmost branches as high as the third story. Each story had a complete gallery running around the patio, lined with blue-painted wooden railings. In a far corner a giant bougainvillea vine sent a massed orange flame of blossoms upward clear to the red-tiled roof. On the flagstones below stood some potted flowers and a few big tubs containing rubber plants. Several commercial travellers from Mexico City, lounging in canvas chairs under the laurel tree while waiting for dinner-time, stared frankly at the woman.

"*Turistas?*" the proprietor asked the *gringo*.

"No," said the *gringo*. "I am making some studies. An anthropologist."

THE proprietor banged impatiently on a push-bell on the counter and in a few seconds José came trotting on his bare feet from the rear of the patio. The proprietor handed him a key attached to a large brass triangle. José picked up the two largest suitcases and started up the stairway. The woman took her cosmetics case and the man picked up a portable typewriter, but there were three suitcases left in front of the counter.

"It's a shame to make that little boy come down for the other grips," said the woman as they started up after José. They had been assigned a room on the third gallery. "Let's carry them."

"No," said her husband. "We'd do him out of some work. This way I shall have to tip him more." He grinned. "Besides, he looks like a mountain boy to me. Notice that deep chest? He could run up and down these stairs all day and not get winded."

When they reached the third gallery José already had the door of Room 311 open and was inside. As they neared it a man came out of 312. He was thick and muscular, with heavy features and a balding head across the top of which a few hairs had been spread meticulously, as if they were pencilled on his skull. The woman went into 311 at once, but the man from 312 stopped the *gringo* at the door and spoke a few words in Spanish to him.

"What did he say?" she asked when her husband came into the room.

"That his name is Garcia and he's a business man from the capital. Agriculture. And that he fears we'll find this town dull."

JOSÉ was thirteen, short and very thin except for his chest. He worked intently, and slithered the cloth rapidly over the stones

THE woman wore a blue dress which was neat and unwrinkled—while the man signed the registry book she surveyed the patio (opposite)

The room had a high ceiling. José had switched on the lights and was opening the ancient, ten-feet-tall window shutters. There was a small balcony and the woman stepped out on it. The town lay in a bowl, surrounded by mountains which the setting sun was coating with mauve light. It was very pretty.

The man began to unpack a suitcase. José had gone down for the other suitcases and he soon reappeared, struggling with all three of them. The *gringo* tipped him.

"*Gracias,*" said José, and he smiled momentarily. Then, motioning at the bathroom, he said something in rapid Spanish.

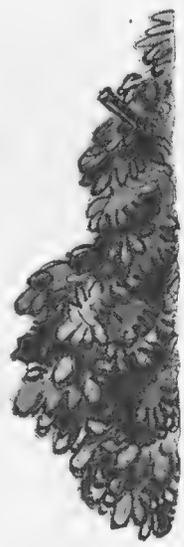
"The water is hot," the man translated for his wife. "He built a fire in the boiler a little while ago."

"He seems to do all the work," said his wife.

"A lot of it, I guess," said the man. "Bring us a bottle of whisky," he said to the boy, "and some ice and mineral water." And as José started to leave, "a bottle of Orange Crush," he added, pronouncing it "Oran-hay Croosh."

WHEN José returned with a tray and placed it on a table the *gringo* mixed a drink for his wife. "Wait," he said to José. He put some ice in another glass, dumped in the soft drink and handed it to the boy. "Sit down," he said, "please."

Again José smiled his fleeting smile. Then he sat and drank gravely with them. Above the faded shirt his face was serious and mature and his dark eyes met theirs in an unwinking stare.



"What is your name?" the woman asked in Spanish.

"José, *Señora.*"

"You are not long from the mountains," said the man.

José's eyes burned at him. "Seven months," he said. "How did you know?"

The man grinned and shrugged one shoulder. "I know some things," he said. "In the north of Mexico I studied the life in the mountains. Now I am here in the south. I shall remain a month and visit the villages," and he twirled one hand in a circle to indicate the Indian settlements above the town.

"A *scientifico,*" said José.

The *gringo* shrugged again. "The science of man," he said.

"I, too, study," José said.

"You go to school?" the woman asked.

"No, *Señora.* I work. My father is dead. But an old woman who is my mother's friend teaches me. Three nights weekly."

"You have brothers and sisters?"

"Two." He gestured with one hand, palm down. "Little ones." Then he finished his drink and stood up, because from downstairs in the patio the voice of the proprietor floated up, calling him.

"The poor kid," said the woman, after he had gone.

"He'll get along," said her husband.

IN the hotel dining-room, half an hour later, José was working as a busboy. He was still barefooted, but now he wore a starched white jacket in which he looked quite handsome, although it was much too large for him. When he took the order of the *gringo* and his wife for bottled mineral water his smile came readily, as if they were longtime friends.

The other diners nodded pleasantly to the *gringo* and his wife, who were the only foreigners there. And Mr. Garcia from Room 312 stopped at their table and spoke to them. He asked if they had been to Mexico City and did they not think it luxurious?

"I find the small towns more interesting," said the *gringo.*

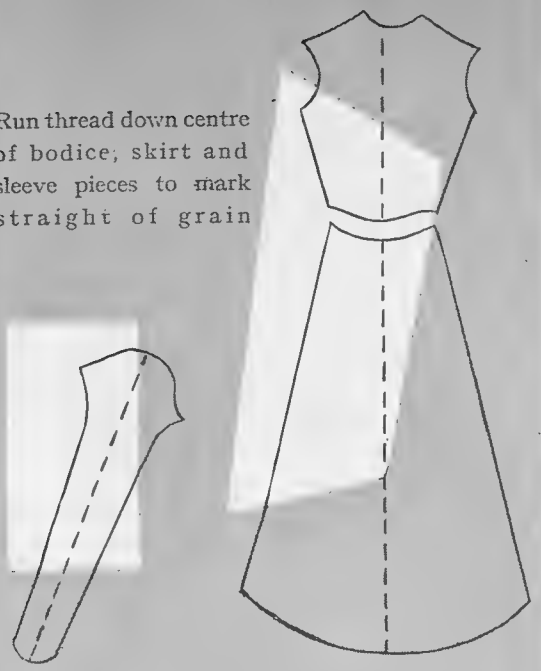
Interesting, of course, Garcia said hastily. But the life was very low. His blunt features grimaced. The *Indios,* he said. Mexico was burdened by the poverty and ignorance of the *Indios.*

"That damned phoney," said the (*Continued on page* 58)

GARCIA remained on the railing to finish his cigar. From the bougainvillea there protruded two inches of a black tube. Garcia didn't see it

Second Lesson

By Joan Bamford



Run thread down centre of bodice, skirt and sleeve pieces to mark straight of grain

THE woman of taste can have good and well-made clothes most inexpensively if she can make her own. These articles on home dressmaking are intended to act as her guide.

Alas there are few short cuts to good dressmaking but perseverance is worth while, and success within the scope of most who like sewing.

Last month we covered cutting out from a paper pattern, so we shall now assume that the garment is ready to put together.

Use steel pins and a long needle for tacking. A glazed tacking thread is ideal as it is easier to handle with a long thread than ordinary cotton.

Everything should be pinned before tacking, and all construction that *can* be done on the flat should be done first; for example, tack any darts that are marked, and if there is any gathering to be done, run a gathering thread along the points marked for this (just a tacking thread of course in the first place).

On the subject of darts, tack from the point to the widest part, but when you come to stitch them, stitch from the *widest part up to the point.*

Having pinned and tacked the darts and gathers on the bodice, pin and tack the shoulder pieces together, and under-arm seams. Follow the same order for the skirt. Darts first, then gathers or pleats pinned and tacked, then side seams.

Next sleeves : darts are pinned and tacked, then sleeve seam.

Finally pin and tack bodice and skirt together, and this is the moment to pin shoulder pads into place. I find it best to pin in sleeves only for first fitting, and tack in for second fitting.

* * * *

If you have made the necessary adjustments for your own size requirements before cutting out your material, your fittings should be easy. As a guide it is useful to run a coloured tack straight down the centre front and back of the garment, and to keep the picture of the style propped up in front of you. A long mirror is a real "must" for fitting.

If the garment is cut on the cross or flared, hang it up over night on a dress hanger after tacking it together, and before fitting as it may drop in places.

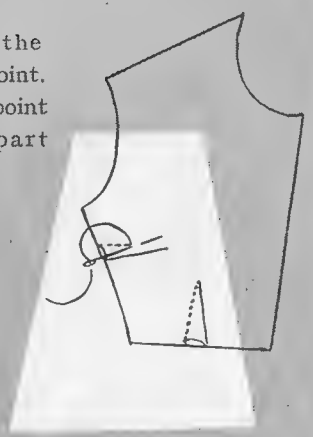
If seams or darts must be taken in or let out at fitting, pin the corrections, and when you take the garment off, mark with coloured tacks or chalk on the wrong side, then re-pin, and tack to these colours. I find it helpful to use a different coloured thread for corrected tacks, to avoid confusion.

Be sure the garment is loose enough at the bust line to give ease of movement; also that your skirt hangs straight down from the hips, and does not pull under the seat when standing. It is wise also to sit at your fitting, to see that the skirt is not strained in that position.

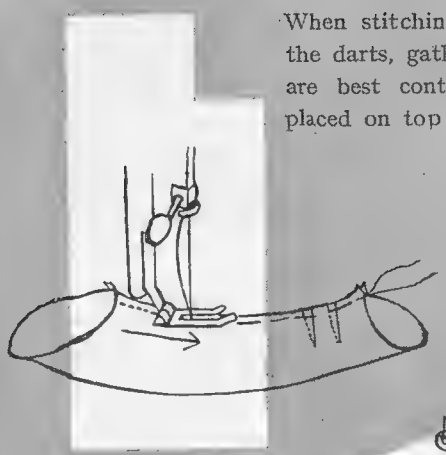
* * * *

If you have had to make any big adjustments at fitting, it would be wise to re-tack and fit all again, as some alterations affect other parts of the garment. Remember, too, that the final stitching holds the material firmer and therefore takes up a little more of the fabric than the tacking.

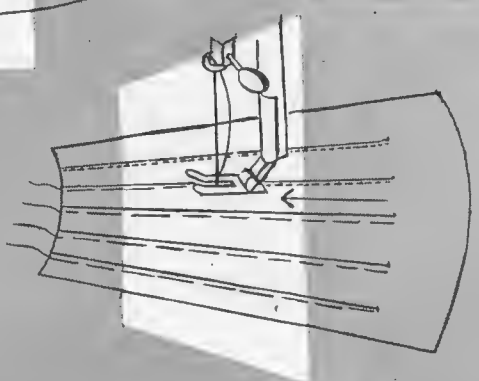
After as atisfactory fit has been obtained, the tacking indicating seam lines, darts, etc., is transferred to each section (*Continued on page* 66)



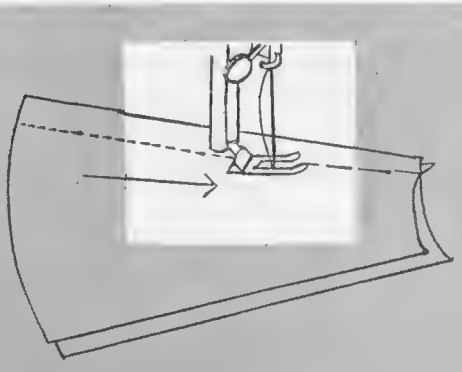
Tack darts from the widest part to the point. *Machine* from the point to the widest part



When stitching seams, the darts, gathers, etc. are best controlled if placed on top of seam



Stitch pleats from bottom to top. This will ensure the hang of the pleats and a neat finish



Machine seams from widest part to narrowest; i.e. hem to waist, arm-hole to waist, and so on

Silk Coat Summer

FASHION is a fleeting thing. Its features endure according to their impact upon the tastes and needs of we who wear them. Sometimes a fashion arrives without a fanfare and makes a big splash by its merit alone. Such has been the case with the silk coat which made a tentative appearance last summer and, in this one, has established itself as one of the most popular of all current fashions. The silk coat has all the virtues. It is light to wear, supremely smart and infinitely adaptable throughout the days of summer and still comes up happily for evening wear all year round

(Left) Finger-tip length in caramel grosgrain with a soft peach tint. Wonderful with a black whittled skirt, black accessories and a wide-brimmed straw—fifteen guineas. ***(Left above)*** Navy pure silk dupion. A luxury coat with appeal for the older woman with flattering, unpressed pleats depending from a back yoke. Full push-up sleeves. Soft as only pure silk can be, featherlight and assured of a long life—thirty-five guineas. ***(Right above)*** A double-life coat in black-proofed taffeta conceals its practical character well enough to serve for all occasions wet or fine. Completely reversible to gold or mulberry. About nine pounds. ***(On the right)*** Pastel brown grosgrain, high-buttoned neck-line, superlatively fitted to a narrow waistline with tapering dolman sleeves and a full wrap skirt. Teamed with a matching straw bonnet—thirty-five guineas. Coats, other than Dannimac, from Harvey Nichols. Hats from the Model Millinery Department

Beauty by Chrysis

If you would like advice on any beauty problem, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, BRITANNIA & EVE, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2

ABOVE is a style based on the Bubble short cut perm by Vasco, but the same effect can be obtained with a razor cut if the hair has sufficient natural curl. The front hair can be softly curled forward, or swept backwards to suit individual features. French of London's version of the short cut, ***right,*** *gives a neat line at the nape of the neck and is suitable for most lightly permed or slightly wavy hair.* ***In the centre, right,*** *is Helena Rubinstein's tailored cut for the older woman, with the hair tapered and brushed lightly from the sides to centre back. For those who want a cool head without sacrifice to length, there is Steiner's Ballerina,* ***extreme right,*** *simple and tidy for everyday, dressed up with a rose for evening*

KEEP A COOL HEAD

THE exigencies of summer demand a hair style which can be worn as happily on the beach as in the ballroom. Beautiful hair beautifully dressed is never more necessary to chic than in summer—and it is never more difficult to keep so. Strong sunlight dries and brittles its texture, bathing plays havoc with any set. It takes a clever head to keep a cool head in summer.

It seems a platitude to say that beautiful hair owes its sheeny brilliance to utter cleanliness, but it is so vital a part of good styling that it cannot be too often stressed. There is more to a good shampoo than just lather. The natural oil from the hair, the dust and grime from the atmosphere of the city, all dull the natural lustre of the hair and make it a dim shadow of what it could be. The perfect shampoo will remove grease and dirt from the hair itself, and yet not scour down to the hair follicles and so denude the hair of the natural lubricant on which its smooth shininess so much depends. A new product is designed to do just this. If you care to write to me I shall be happy to give you the full particulars of it.

CLEANLINESS in this sense is part of hair health. The rest is a matter of general physical tone and the routine care of the hair itself. A controversy rages amongst the experts on the merits or otherwise of brushing. Perhaps the happiest compromise between the experts' dilemma and the practical care of the hair is to use the brush for polishing hair to gleaming point, and to rely on scalp massage to stimulate the circulation and promote hair health. It is not necessary to have a stiff brush for this. Suit the brush to the hair, using a soft brush for fine-textured, thin hair, a stiffer one for thick or coarse hair so that it penetrates into the mass of hair, and the patina produced is not only superficial. Polishing the hair with a brush demands a light sweeping motion, as distinct from hard scrubbing, which scratches the hair, and might even scratch the scalp. Well-conditioned hair will not only be more beautiful in texture, but it will stay longer in set, and that is the basic problem in choosing a summer hair style. A style which will be blown out irrevocably by the wind and ruined by water is not a summer practicality. The desire for a style which will virtually look after itself has sponsored the short cut, variations of which have been designed by all the leading stylists this season.

THE principle of this season's short cut is basically that the hair is cut short all over, then curled and tapered so that the hair automatically lies in place. There are many variations to suit individual needs. In some styles, the hair is brushed upwards from the nape of the neck, and up from temples and forehead. In others the hair is tapered so that it can be brushed smoothly from temples or lie neatly against the neck at the back. There is often an unparted flow from front to back, softened where necessary by soft half-curls over the forehead or at the temples.

Some curl is necessary to most of these short styles and a perm which is destined for a very short life is, to some minds and purses, a questionable expenditure. That is why one hair stylist has thought up the idea of a season ticket perm. For 10 gns. you are guaranteed a permanent wave for twelve months. No matter how fast the hair grows, or how short the style, the perm will be renewed whenever required for no additional expense. This seems a very sensible investment.

For the growing number of women who invest in an occasional very good cut and rely on home shampooing and setting between visits to the hairdresser a good setting lotion is of prime necessity. A new product just introduced from France seems to have all the qualities required of a home-setting lotion. It is in itself a hair —not a scalp—conditioner, and while it is not, of course, intended as treatment for scalp disorders, it does condition the hair itself and will improve hair which has been injured by bleaching or faulty perming. By restoring the hair's pliancy, it increases its curling power—which means that the set will stay in longer. And as it can be used between shampoos to freshen and re-set, it is a useful preparation to include in a holiday kit.

Letter from the Country

C. HENRY WARREN

I SEE that my neighbour has once again brought out her old lace curtains from the bottom drawer and draped them round her currant bushes. It is a cottage custom and there is much to be said for it: the lace admits both sun and air to the ripening fruit but keeps out the birds. Even in the daytime the white, bundled-up bushes look grotesque enough, but in the moonlight they look like a huddle of beldames up to no good.

Having no lace curtains with which to protect my own soft fruit, and no cage of wire-netting either, the currants and raspberries are perhaps less mine than the blackbirds'. However, it has always seemed to me only right and proper that the blackbirds should have some of my fruit in return for all the music they give me. Besides, a blackbird sneaking out from the bushes and flying off with a red berry in his beak is a pretty sight. But this year I have to admit that my indulgence is being stretched to its limits. An early spring enabled my pair of blackbirds to bring off two broods—one of which, by the way, the female hatched by sitting tight on her nest throughout that memorable March blizzard, covered with snow. Two families of blackbirds will not leave much soft fruit for me.

If I have no lace curtains in my garden, I do have great clumps of Madonna lilies, equally white and startling. Let the professional gardener say what he likes about the right way to cultivate these gorgeous flowers, it is the cottager who grows them best, for the simple reason that he leaves them alone for generations, which is what they like, and gives them no more encouragement than occasionally to empty the tea-leaves over them, which is apparently also what they like. Anyway, no cottage wife hereabouts would dream of being without her lilies; and, incidentally, neither would she dream of pinching out the golden stamens, as florists do, to prevent the pollen from staining the waxy white petals.

* * *

Among the dusty rafters of the outhouse I found a long-eared bat. I took it down and marvelled again at the queer ways of mother Nature. Gazing at the folded, membranous wings, "like bits of umbrella," the enormous outer ears and little, secret inner ones, the pin-head eyes embedded in silky fur, and the sharp, curled claws, I seemed to be looking back through time to the fumbling beginnings of creation. For the oddest thing about a bat is the fact that, although it flies like a bird, it is in everything else a mammal—as if, in the course of evolution, Nature had somehow forgotten all about this poor, misshapen creature, leaving it unfinished, neither one thing nor the other.

And yet it is perfectly adapted to its own way of life. When the first star appears, and the bat comes out of its hiding-place, see with what ease it picks its way past every obstacle, as if it possessed a natural radar equipment capable of detecting the slightest vibration. "Blind as a bat," we say; but if only we could see as well as it can hear! Indeed, it lives in a world quite beyond our ken: even the note it pipes is so faint that only some of us can hear it.

* * *

Like the owl, the bat belongs to the night and is, however unfairly, suspect. Most of us prefer the creatures of the daytime. Just now I have two special charmers that come every day and delight me. I think the goldfinches first chose my garden because there are plenty of dandelions which are as delectable to them as they are detestable to the gardener who sometimes comes in and gives me a hand. (How could I explain to him that I would rather have dandelions and goldfinches than no dandelions and no goldfinches?)

Anyway, there they are, and I would not willingly forego their happy company. Every motion with them is a dance, so quick and buoyant they are. Perched on a long, slender stem that sways gently with their tiny weight, they peck at the seed-heads, looking round nervously between each peck and twittering in fairy tones to one another. Even when seen with the naked eye they are beautiful—a crimson head and a flashing gold bar across the wings; but when I train my glasses on them, they are far more so. And amusing, too; for then they look as if they wore a red and black mask through (*Continued on page 75*)

"Spindleberry" Dorset

THIS modern thatched cottage on the Dorset coast was built five years ago within the licence limit of £1,250. This figure excludes the cost of interior fittings, some of which have been added since the house was completed. Designed by Paul Badcock, F.R.I.B.A., and erected by a local builder, it has a large, sunny lounge-dining-room, kitchen and small vestibule hall on the ground floor, with two bedrooms and a bathroom above. Timber, which was suffering an acute shortage at the time, was economised in many ways. Metal-frame casements were used, and much hardwood board was employed, with complete success, for timber-framed doors and cupboards. White Snowcemmed walls under sandfaced tiles and bright turquoise paintwork blend smoothly against the grey thatch. This little house on its green eminence turns all its windows in the direction of the sea, and is so planned that a small wing can be added to the back when circumstances permit.

SPINDLEBERRY

From the back of the house the garden rises in a gentle slope to the road. A french casement opens from the main living-room to the terrace with its sheltered south-west aspect. At the east end of the terrace is the outside entrance to the boiler-house and coal store. **Top:** One end of the main living-room is furnished for dining, close by the kitchen entrance and the service hatch. **Left centre:** A modern version of the Welsh dresser displays a collection of pottery which splashes its vivid colours against white walls, which in turn reflect sunshine from the south windows. **Left:** Another view of the main bedroom, which has dark oak furniture and fabrics patterned in brilliant lemon, orange and green.

DORSET

The main entrance, designed like a stable door, to open at the top only when the weather is fine, is on the west side of the house. The main living-room **(left)** has white rough-cast walls, delicate french grey paint, chair-covers of bright turquoise and printed curtains with a vivid yellow design on a natural ground. Most of the furniture is Utility type made in the Cotswolds. **Below :** The main bedroom has brilliant orange sunflower print curtains and an off-white carpet. The upstairs landing is seen on the left, looking into the half-tiled bathroom.

SPINDLEBERRY, DORSET

Top left: Looking through the front door there is a small vestibule separated from the hall which gives direct access to the kitchen and to the little boiler-house where coal is stored and an Ideal boiler provides water and central heating. **Top right:** The second bedroom has twin beds, white rough-cast walls and extensive views from windows on two sides. The kitchen **(left)** has streamline fittings and space enough for informal meals. There is a service hatch to the dining-lounge and an exit door to the garden.

Transformation scene

THE lady wears a wig. . . .

The five little words can create an immediate feeling of distaste, almost of revulsion. To the posticheur, however, the fellow who makes it, a wig is a poem, a painting, a piece of sculpture. He has the high pride of the artist and craftsman.

For his dedicated job, the posticheur must be a compound of artist, colourist, hairdresser, craftsman, tailor and diplomat. He must be able to assess, by feel, the differing textures of human hair. He must have a comprehensive understanding of human vanities.

Therefore, he will not ask where 's the logic in this aversion to wigs and added hair—literal translation of postiche—when millions of women build up their good points and break down their bad by added rouge, powder, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, mascara, nail varnish and hair dye.

Instead, he finds it a matter of philosophical interest that for some years now added hair has moved out front in the fashion picture. Until this season's outbreak of shortest-ever styling, switches, buns, chignons, falls, plaits and top curls have become additional make-up accessories for a different-in-the-evening look, for a change of personality. (A switch facilitates the switch.) Will there come a time, he wonders, when the thought of wearing a wig does not make the ordinary woman flinch and hope she 'll never lose enough hair for it to become necessary ? Perhaps.

Meanwhile, his dexterous hands and perceptive eye are kept busy making wigs for a surprising number of elegant women who haven't lost any of their hair.

For instance, the wives of ambassadors or consuls in places too remote for hairdresser-access . . . women whose day-long activities bang in the public eye are heavy on hair-sets, yet leave little time for a date with a hairdresser for a sudden special evening . . . smart-set women, holidaying on a private yacht, who like to let their hair go free in sea and sun, yet must look *soignée* for the evening's dress-up gaieties.

For such women a master-made, sister copy of their own hair, skull-fitting like a second skin, can be completely indetectable, even by their dearest enemies.

Certain film-stars, too, find that careful copy-wigs save time and trouble. Bernard Godwin, who is on scalp-nodding terms with most of the men and women stars, made a copy of her own naturally red-gold hair for a famous Hollywood actress to wear during her last made-in-England film. Her own hair is wonderful still, but it begins to grow back a little at the temples, and the wig looks far more like the hair we all remember her by . . .

* * * *

The posticheur will admit that it 's not easy to put on the wig and arrange it properly, especially round the give-away hair-line, but most ladies' maids or nimble-fingered women can learn to handle it so that it looks like the real thing.

Certainly the hair used in the top-grade wigs is, most definitely, the real thing, the best and healthiest, the finest quality in the world.

Hair merchants' scouts make periodic trips to the places where it grows at its best and most profuse, on the lustrous heads of peasant girls in the French, Swiss and Italian Alps. There are other high mountains in the world, and other simple-living peasants who eat fresh green vegetables and fine dairy produce and wear the kerchief to protect the head from sun and wind ravage. Yet the Alpine regions indisputably yield the world's loveliest heads of hair.

The owners, or their husbands, brothers or papas, are usually quite willing to cut it off and sell it. After all, it soon grows again, half-an-inch a month, or even more.

Convent hair is also a fruitful source of supply, since all young novitiates must have theirs shorn. Most of the hair buyers have arrangements with Mothers Superior of convents in the right districts, arrangements which are, of course, financially beneficial to the Church.

Truly blonde hair, grey and white hair, are rarer than the other colours, and correspondingly costlier—obviously there are not so many heads of white or grey hair in the necessary condition for wig-making. But the posticheur combats this, frequently, with the best modern bleaching methods. Once done, too, it 's done, without tiresome re-growth.

The whole ritualistic process of making a wig is a fascinating study.

* * * *

Most of the posticheurs, unless they are also hair merchants, like the famous Peter Isaia, whose collection of hair is one of the largest and finest (*Continued on page* 66)

BY ANNA RICHARDSON

Saleroom Sense

WHAT is the best kind of furniture to buy ? Is it the kind which follows current taste and wears the stamp of recent production, or is it something which fulfils the needs of the owner and carries the mark of taste and good workmanship, even though not of the latest ?

Surely there is much to be said for the last, though prejudice still lingers about the term " second-hand." But why ? There can be no valid argument against furniture just because it has had previous owners, when the most coveted furniture (and the most used of all) is acceptable because it carries the right to be called " antique."

The term second-hand cannot be deprecatory in itself. If it carries a stigma it is because we associate it with the products of the junk shop. With cast-offs and outmoded forms. But not all used furniture offered for sale comes into this category. Not by a long way.

UNLESS preference is emphatically for contemporary styles, there is a lot to be said for furnishing from the saleroom. New pieces of the best quality and workmanship are costly. Purchase tax and production costs make this inevitable, but used furniture is not subject to this disadvantage. It may be of fairly recent construction ; it may be reproduction antique, it may even be " near antique." In either case, it will be substantially below the cost of new. Its condition depends largely upon the type of saleroom in which it is found. At a reputable sale that means good.

These facts are indisputable, but many who are convinced of them are still shy of the saleroom. Wild fantasies have been woven about the auction. The amateur is diffident, a little overawed by the auctioneer's pace ; afraid of getting something she didn't intend to buy, or of competing with the more experienced dealers. Sales occur at different points of the compass. Few people have the time to cover the distance. A distant sale involves heavy charges for transport.

All these things combine to keep us away from the bargain centres, though we may be convinced of their value. But they shouldn't. A little knowledge disposes of so many snags.

THE first thing to know is where to find the best sales. It goes without saying that they occur in town and country everywhere, but the amateur with limited time is best served by an auction saleroom where regular weekly sales are held of furniture brought from many sources and centralised on the

Examples from a recent auction at a London saleroom include **(left, above)** a Georgian chest in figured mahogany, with oval embossed handles and bracket feet, which fetched £27. **Left, below :** A small inlaid mahogany chest of recent make with a brushing slide, £21. The inlaid mahogany swing mirror was £4.

This mahogany oval dining-table of Georgian design and two Trafalgar chairs, from a set of four, typify the standards of quality offered at this sale. The table fetched £34 ; the set of chairs £14, and the Afghan rug £14 10s. Four framed maps, of which one is shown, brought £4.

premises. They exist in many large towns. In London they are typified by, say, the salerooms in Hanover Square of Knight, Frank and Rutley, the well-known estate agents and auctioneers.

The special advantages of such places is that a very wide variety of choice is offered in one place. The search for a particular piece of furniture is narrowed down. Such places draw their material from many sources. If it is dining suite, or a chair, or a carpet you are looking for there may be a number of them at one of these sales, whereas at an auction in a private house there will perhaps be one.

Apart from the convenience of a wider choice, this duplication of pieces is reflected in the prices fetched. If there are six pieces of a similar character—shall we say six bedroom suites, or six bow-fronted chests-of-drawers—competition is often substantially reduced.

The secret of the good bargain is patience. Resources are soon taxed by travel around the country to far-flung sales in search of a particular piece, but the central saleroom gives the answer to this too.

Another important point : A " here to-day and gone to-morrow " sale offers few facilities beyond a catalogue obtainable before the auction, but an established saleroom will notify prospective buyers who have left particulars of their needs when such pieces are about to be offered. This cuts out many unproductive visits.

SCAREMONGERS are fond of saying that the amateur at a sale does not stand a chance against the professional dealers. This is just not true. The dealer at a sale is buying something which he intends to sell again at a profit. He will not bid beyond the point where he can make that profit, so if the amateur wins the prize at a little higher than the dealer's price, it is still well below the resale value of the piece.

There can be no possible danger of paying more for a piece than you intend if, when you view the furniture before the sale, you have decided which pieces you intend to compete for and have fixed a maximum figure. If you follow the bidding to this (*Continued on page 76*)

If any odium still attaches to second-hand furniture it is only in the minds of those who do not know what the good saleroom has to offer.

A William and Mary reproduction walnut half-circular folding-top table realised £13. A pair of Queen Anne design mahogany chairs with brocade seats were £5 each. The giltwood mirror was £6 and the Oriental rug £17.

Furniture shown by courtesy of Knight, Frank and Rutley.

FOR TAILORED OCCASIONS

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 120 (112, 128, 136) sts. and work 3 ins. (3¼, 3½, 3¾) in k. 1, p. 1, rib. Inc. in last st., 121 (113, 129, 137) sts. Using No. 10 needles, work bands of 7 rib and 9 p. stocking web, as follows:

1st row.—* p. 9, rib 7, rep. from * to last 9 sts., p. 9.

2nd row.—* k. 9, rib 7, rep. from * to last 9 sts., k. 9. (32-in. will begin and end p. 5; 36-in. begin and end rib 4; 38-in. begin and end rib 8, all with rib or st. web bands between.) Purl side of st. st. is right side throughout. Work thus, inc. both ends of each 6th row 9 times, bringing new sts. into pattern. 139 (131, 147, 155) sts. Work until 11½ ins. (11, 11¾, 12) deep in all and shape armholes.

Cast off 5 at the beginning of the next 2 rows, dec. both ends of the following 6 rows, then on wrong side rows 4 times. In next row, with right side facing work outer, knit st. each side of the rib bands in purl so that there will only be k. 1, p. 1, k. 1 in the bands and 13 p. between. Dec. on the next wrong side row. In next row work all in purl and dec. following row. The armhole shaping is now complete and the V-shaped lace lines begin on the all p. ground. There are 109 (101, 117, 125) sts.

1st row.—(34-in. only.) * P. 14, m. 1, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to last 13 sts., p. 13.

2nd and all wrong side rows.—K.

3rd row.—P. 12, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 11, rep. from * to last st., p. 1.

5th row.—P. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 7, m. 1, k. 2 tog. p. 5, rep. from * to last 12 sts., k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 7, m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1.

7th row.—P. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 3, m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 9, rep. from * to last 10 sts., k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 3, m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 3.

9th row.—P. 5, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 14, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 6.

32-in. Pattern

1st row.—P. 10, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 14, rep. from * to last 11 sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 9.

3rd row.—P. 8, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 11, rep. from * to last 13 sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 8.

5th row.—P. 6, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 5, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 7, rep. from * to last 15 sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 5, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 6.

7th row.—P. 4, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 9, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 3, rep. from * to last st., p. 1.

9th row.—P. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 14, * rep. to last 4 sts., k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 1.

36-in. Pattern

1st row.—P. 2, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 14, rep. from * to last 3 sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1.

3rd row.—P. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 11, m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p. 2.

5th row.—P. 5, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 7, m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 5, rep. from * to end.

7th row.—P. 7, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 3, m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 9, rep. from * to last 14 sts., k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 3, m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 7.

9th row.—P. 9, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 14, rep. from * to last 12 sts., k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 10.

38-in. Pattern

1st row.—P. 6, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 14, rep. from * to last 7 sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 5.

3rd row.—P. 4, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 11, rep. from * to last 9 sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 4.

5th row.—P. 2, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 5, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 7, rep. from * to last 11 sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 5, k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 2.

7th row.—P. 11, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 3, m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 9, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p. 2.

9th row.—P. 13, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 14, rep. from * to end.

(Continued on page 74)

This pattern can be knitted to fit a 32", 34", 36" or 38" bust. The main instructions are for size 34. The necessary variations for the other sizes are given in brackets, as each occurs, in this order (32", 36", 38"). 3½ ozs. Target Campanula 2-ply wool are required for size 32, 4 ozs. for sizes 34 and 36, 4½ ozs. for size 38. Allow an extra ounce if long sleeves are required except for size 34, when ½ oz. extra will be sufficient. The jumper is knitted on No. 10 and 12 needles, the tension measured between ribbed bands worked on No. 10 needles being 8 stitches to the inch

BEST IN BLUE

This charming summer jumper was made up in that clear pastel blue which looks so flower fresh on a sunny day. The materials required are 5 oz. of Wendy Family 2-ply wool in shade number B124, one pair of No. 11 and one pair of No 12 needles and a small crochet hook to work the simple edging to the collar. Working at a tension of 9 stitches and 11 rows to the inch on No. 11 needles, the instructions are for a size 34 inch bust

FRONT

Cast on 120 sts. on No. 12 needles and work in moss st. for 4½ in.

Change to No. 11 needles and st. st. and work 12 rows.

Inc. at each end of next and every following 4th row 4 times, work 3 rows (28 rows—128 sts.).

Inc. at each end of every following 3rd row 12 times, work 2 rows (64 rows—152 sts.).

Inc. at each end of every row 10 times (74 rows—172 sts.).

Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows (86 rows—196 sts.).

Work 8 rows without shaping.

Inc. at each end of next and every following 8th row. Continue until work measures 13½ in.

Next row.—K. 76, moss central 44 sts., k. 76. Work 3 rows, always mossing central 44 sts.

Next row.—K. 76, moss 4, cast off central 36 sts. moss 4, k. 76.

Continue on these sts. until work measures 18¼ in. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every p. row until there are no sts. left. Casting off 8 sts. on p. last row.

BACK

Work as for front but work straight up after armhole, still inc. on either edge of every 8th row until work measures 18¼ in. and matches front.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 24 rows. Work centre 44 sts. of 23rd-26th casting off rows in moss. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Cast off remaining 44 sts. moss st.

COLLAR

Cast on 44 sts. on No. 12 needles and work in moss st. for 4 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beg. of every 6th row 11 times.

Now work 4 in. without shaping. Inc. at beg. of next and every following 6th row 11 times. Work 4 rows.

Cast off in moss st.

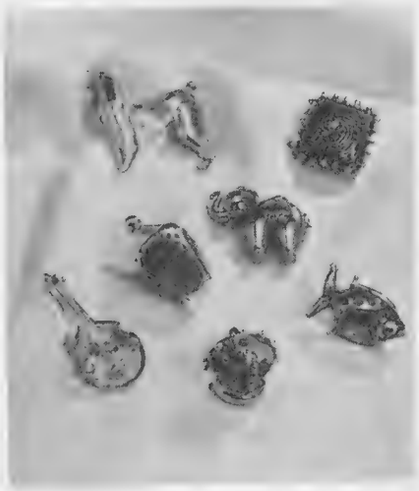
TO MAKE UP

Press both pieces well under a damp cloth but only steam moss st. welt and collar. Join shoulder seams. Pick up 80 sts. on No. 12 needle at sleeve edge and work 1½ in. in moss for turn-up cuff. Cast of in moss st. Work 2nd sleeve to match.

Take small crochet hook and join wool to cast off edge of collar. Work 1 d.c. into 1st st., work 4 chain, work 1 d.c. into 2nd st., work 4 chain and so on all round collar. Sew collar to neck square, taking it to bottom of 4 rows of moss st. on front. Join side seams and press again.

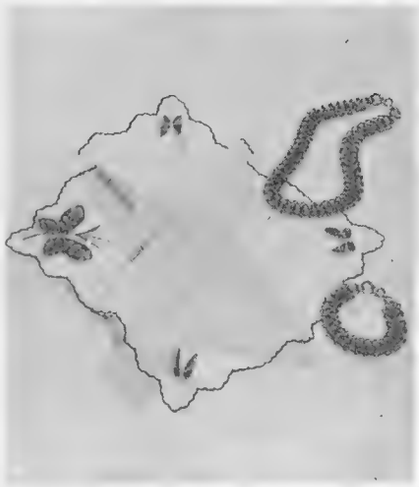
Margaret Sharp

SHOPPING—



A PERFUME SPRAY at last at a reasonable price. In blue or pink bubble glass, with silk-covered bulb, these attractive sprays are available at Fenwicks of Bond Street for 5s. 6d. They are also useful for spraying brilliantine on to the hair.

This fascinating selection of fancy glass buttons are just a few from the large and fascinating collection at D. H. Evans. There are novelty buttons in the shape of animals, birds, fish and such unlikely objects as teapots and mandolins as well as simple abstract shapes for tailor-mades. All the buttons shown are 4s. 9d. except the silvered elephant which is 4s. 6d. and the gilt and glass poodle which is 5s. 6d. Others are available from 1s. 6d.



IT IS SELDOM one finds anything which combines usefulness so perfectly with beauty as these exquisitely made key-ring miniatures from Susan Handbags of Bond Street. The tiny trunk containing real sewing materials is 17s. 6d., the compass and barometer 16s. 6d. and the manicure set 25s. The miracle is that they all work in spite of their size—the key-ring itself gives an idea of the small scale.

The dainty handkerchief with a butterfly just alighted at each corner is for enchanted evenings. In black, or pastel colours on white lawn, it costs 5s. 11d. The bracelet and necklace set are in lightweight untarnishable metal which can be worn in the sea with impunity. Available in several tints and in gold, the bracelet costs 7s. 11d., the necklace 12s. 11d. from Fenwicks.

THIS SUMMER HANDBAG is very good value at £4 15s. from Susan Handbags. The handle, lid and base are of leather and the rest of the bag is of transparent plastic, with a detachable plaid silk lining. You can have a different lining to match each outfit and make one bag do the job of many.

Buy a set of these gay and amusing drink holders for hot afternoons in the garden. They are made of coloured metal with a pointed stalk which thrusts into the ground, and the petals are shaped to hold the tumbler. They are exclusive to Fortnum & Mason where they are sold in sets of six in attractive flower colours for 65s. 6d. the set.

FOR YOU

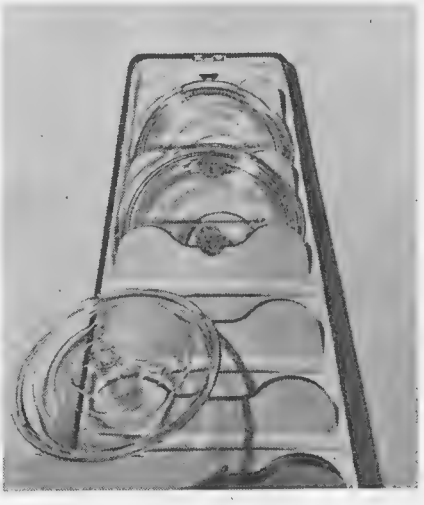
If you would like to have further details about the shopping items on these pages, please write to Margaret Sharp, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2

THIS TRAY is specially made with an adjustment to fit the slope of any car seat. It could be used equally well for picnicking in the back of a car when the weather does not permit of an alfresco meal, for playing cards or writing to while away long journeys. In blue, red, green or fawn, obtainable from the Army and Navy Stores, price 25s.

Useful for gathering long stalked flowers or vegetables from the kitchen garden is this elegant cane gardening basket. It stands firmly on a base and filled with fruit and foliage would play a double rôle as a table centrepiece. It is obtainable from Liberty's for the very reasonable price of 14s.

HEAT-RESISTING GLASS saucepan lids which enable the cook to see what is going on inside without raising the lid are a new idea by Phoenix. They are sold either with or without aluminium saucepans. The price of the lids only are: 6 in. size 2s. 3d., 7 in. size 2s. 9d., 8 in. size 3s. 6d., or 8s. 6d. for the set of three.

Plastic graters have already proved their popularity in the kitchen. Their obvious advantages are that they are rustless, easily cleaned and there is no fear of catching nails or scraping fingers. This "Chesware" grater has certain virtues all its own. It is made of polystyrene plastic, which is a particularly tough variety and will not blunt with wear. Price 2s. 10d.



THIS PALETTE-SHAPED coffee table in unpolished mahogany is one of the many small tables to be found at Liberty's. There are many shapes to choose from, some like this one made to fit cosily round chair corners, some to fit together, some to stack neatly away. All are well made in a range of attractive and hardwearing woods from £2 6s. 3d. to about 4 guineas.

With space at a premium in many homes, wall fitments come into their own. This hanging wall bookcase also from Liberty's is an attractive piece of furniture for books or display ornaments. It is in mahogany and made so that the shelves adjust to any heights, price £4 19s. 3d.

A watch of special distinction
BENSON'S
English-made
'TROPICAL'
This remarkable watch will give Benson accuracy even under the most arduous conditions. The 16-jewelled movement is hermetically sealed in a strong steel-and-chrome case. It is compensated against changes in temperature. Unbreakable glass protects the clear luminous dial. This and other models can be seen in our showrooms — or in the catalogue. May we send you a copy?
★WATERPROOF ★SANDPROOF
★NON-MAGNETIC HAIRSPRING
★SHOCK-RESISTING ★£13-7-6
J. W. BENSON LTD
25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Never *MAKE* your child eat

Mother — when your child refuses good food at mealtimes, seems mopey and irritable—don't blame the youngster, and certainly don't try to make him eat. So often lack of appetite is simply due to constipation.

The sure, quick way to cleanse the little one's system is 'California Syrup of Figs'. This laxative which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children really love its pleasant taste.

Soon you will find your kiddie's constipation has gone, and the tiresome mood with it—a healthy appetite is back again; it's a joy to have the youngster about the house. Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy. Buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' to-day (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.

SEA and SANDWICHES

BY JANET DARBY

DO you remember the picnics we used to have when we were small? The ham (and sand) sandwiches? The lettuce (and sand) salads? The crisp rolls, plentifully spread with real butter (and real sand)? Those were days of plenty; I can still feel the grit between my teeth.

Well, we have our compensations. Nowadays, we may spread our rolls with margarine, but we have ways of keeping the sand out. Cellophane bags are cheap and plentiful, and even better are the plastic food boxes with their airtight covers, which ensure that sandwiches made the night before arrive in good shape and fresh condition. Try some of the spreads for which I gave recipes last month. Other good fillers are anchovy paste and thin sliced cucumber—don't salt these: cream cheese and sultanas: egg and parsley, for which you pound the egg to a paste with an equal weight of margarine, adding finely chopped parsley, and only salt for seasoning: thinly sliced orange and peanut butter.

These plastic boxes are good, too, for carrying lettuce or other salads. Tear the lettuce into pieces, cut cucumber into thick slices, leave radishes whole, with a little tail to pick them up by. Choose small, firm tomatoes, and leave them whole. When the time comes for eating the salad, use your fingers. Do remember to carry some salt in a little screw-topped jar, and if you must have salad dressing, you can carry some of that in a screw-topped jar too—a wide-mouthed one in to which you can dip the salad. This is no time for formality.

LITTLE pasties make excellent accompaniments to the salad. If you can spare a little minced beef, try Cornish pasties, rolling shortcrust pastry out and cutting it into circles about six inches across. Place new potatoes, carrots, turnips, all diced small, a few peas, a little chopped parsley, and a top dressing of minced beef on half of the pastry round, season with salt and pepper. No need to add gravy or water; the vegetables will make their own gravy. Moisten the edge of the pastry circle with cold water, and fold over to make a turnover. Pinch the edges together firmly, so that the juices can't escape, brush the top of each pasty with a little cold milk, and bake in a moderate oven till the pastry is golden—about twenty minutes or so.

A few alternative fillings:

Cheese and mushrooms, for which you stew chopped mushrooms in a little milk, thicken considerably with cornflour, add grated cheese to taste, and simmer quietly till the cheese has melted. You know, of course, that you must never allow any mixture to boil after cheese has been added, unless you *prefer* cheese strings! The mixture should be thick and creamy. Put a good tablespoonful into the centre of each pastry circle, season, then pinch the edges together firmly. Bake these in a quick oven, as only the pastry needs to be cooked.

Pork sausage meat and unsweetened apple. Use three parts of sausage-meat to one part of apple. Bake in a moderate oven, so that the sausage is cooked.

Haddock and tomato. Cook a finnan haddock in a little milk, then remove the haddock while you use the liquid to make a thick sauce. Melt half an ounce of margarine, add a flat dessertspoonful of cornflour. Stir till it bubbles, but don't allow to brown. Now remove from the heat, sprinkle an ounce of grated cheese into the sauce, and add enough tomato pulp to make the mixture a good pink colour. Flake the fish, discarding all skin, and add, mixing well. Fill your pasties as before, and cook them in a quick oven.

FRUIT salad jellies make acceptable followers, and I use ice-cream cartons or little waxed paper containers with screw caps for these. The jellies should be on the point of setting before you fill the cases. A layer of jelly first, then a layer of fruit such as peeled grapes, orange segments, a few raspberries, currants, or other soft fruits, sliced bananas. Another layer of jelly, and so until each little case is full, making the top layer one of jelly. Let them set completely before putting the caps on the cases, or you may have to drink the jellies instead of eating them.

Individual cakes are better than cut cake. They travel better and make fewer crumbs. I make little ginger cakes, ginger nuts, macaroons and queen cakes for picnics, baking them in paper cases. Cream buns and éclairs, delicious as they are, don't make good travelling companions; nor do lavishly iced cakes.

LASTLY, there is the important matter of suitable drinks. Fruit drinks should be iced before pouring into vacuum flasks. They will then stay cold for several hours. If tea is your tipple, and you are using flasks, be sure to carry the milk in a separate screw-top bottle, adding it as required to each cup. Ready-made tea with milk develops a stewed taste if carried for several hours in flasks. Contrarywise, coffee is all the better for having warm (not boiled) milk added to it before pouring it into the flask.

Perfect balance

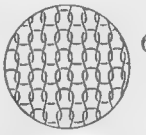
{ NOTES ON NYLONS }

WHEN TAYLOR-WOODS make nylon stockings, they take special care to achieve a perfect balance between gauge and denier. The three types of nylons which Taylor-Woods make are designed to be worn on different occasions and to give long and faithful service to the intelligent wearer.

HOW TO BUY NYLONS. Whichever type of nylons you buy, you will be wise to remember these simple facts about gauge and denier:—

GAUGE is the number of stitches in 1½ inches of the nylon fabric: *the higher the gauge number the stronger the stocking.*

54 GAUGE *magnified 6 times*



66 GAUGE *magnified 6 times*

DENIER is the thickness of the yarn: *the lower the denier number, the finer the stocking.*

15 DENIER THREAD *magnified 30 times*

30 DENIER THREAD *magnified 30 times*

Supplies to the stores are limited, but all the same you can quite frequently find a pair of these "well-balanced" Taylor-Woods nylons:—

A beautiful service-weight for everyday wear: *54 gauge 30 denier.*

A semi-service, semi-sheer for day and evening wear: *66 gauge 15 denier.*

A very sheer for evenings and special occasions: *54 gauge 15 denier.*

Taylor-Woods NYLONS

EXCLUSIVELY 54 AND 66 GAUGE

Death In The Patio

(*Continued from page* 38)

gringo to his wife, after Garcia had walked away. "You meet a few. He's undoubtedly part Indian himself."

They met Garcia again late that night when they went out on the third-floor gallery to look at the moon. He was standing at the railing and he took a cigar from his mouth and greeted them with odious camaraderie. A pretty patio, he said. He always came out here to smoke a cigar before going to bed. He hoped that before he had to return to the capital he would see the *Señor* and *Señora* often.

"Unfortunately," said the *gringo*, "I am forced to be very busy."

He was busy. During most of the next two days he worked in the hotel room, typing, while his wife corrected manuscript, read books, or went sightseeing in the town. Each afternoon José brought them the drinks they ordered and then sat there with them like an adult, a glass of Orange Crush in his hand. The only other times they saw him he was working—helping the chambermaids carry linen, running at the command of waiters in the dining-room, sweeping, mopping or carrying luggage.

ON the evening of the second day, however, the *gringo* and his wife went walking and at the edge of town, where the street ended against an adobe wall that flanked a field, they encountered José. They recognized him in the light of the street lamp, a bare bulb hanging in a rusted reflector over the centre of the street.

José was carrying a hollow wooden tube, six feet long and slightly thicker than a broom handle. It was painted a lustreless black. The *gringo* examined it curiously.

It was straight and smooth inside, made of two pieces of grooved wood, fastened tightly together. The *gringo* sighted through it at the street light.

"Well I'm damned," he said to his wife. "It's a blowgun. I thought only jungle people used them. You have arrows?" he asked José.

"No." José held up a clay ball the size of a marble. It was dry and hard and very smooth.

The *gringo* tried the gun. Instructed by José, he held a clay ball lightly between his lips and blew it through the tube. He aimed at a discoloured spot on the adobe wall, only ten feet away, but the ball missed it, striking feebly a foot below.

"Before you blow, the ball must be in the tube," José said.

The *gringo* tried twice more. The third time he hit the target. He handed the blowgun to José.

"Show me," he said. He walked to the wall and set up a match folder on edge. He had taken only one step back when there was a sharp *swack* and the folder vanished.

"*Bueno*," said the *gringo*, and José's teeth flashed in a wide grin.

"Now try something farther away."

They both looked around. The street light, high in the air and a hundred feet from them, gleamed irresistibly. José glanced up, as if for permission. The man nodded.

José put a clay ball to his lips and raised the blowgun, inhaling deeply. He froze to a statue. Suddenly his chest seemed to explode. The street light went out and they heard a faint tinkle of breaking glass.

"*Maravilloso!*" cried the *gringo*. "What accuracy! But it can't have much force," he added.

"Enough to kill birds," said José. "Sometimes rabbits."

"Your mother cooks them?" asked the *gringo's* wife.

"But of course, *Señora*."

JOSÉ walked back to the hotel with them, for he slept in the servants' quarters in the rear of the patio. He talked freely; it was plain that he was delighted to have impressed the *gringo*. For the woman he even sang a song about a homesick Mixtec Indian boy who yearns for the soil where he was born.

"It's the first time he has acted like a child," she said to her husband.

He did not seem at all like a child the next afternoon when he sat in their room, solemnly drinking a soft drink. It was then that he brought up the matter of killing.

"*Señor*," he said abruptly, looking with his dark eyes into the *gringo's* blue ones, "if a man killed your father, would you kill him?"

The *gringo* and José exchanged stares. "Killed in a quarrel?" the man asked.

"No. For gain." José held out his hand, rubbing the thumb across the fingers.

"Why do you ask?"

José looked into his glass. "The *vieja* who teaches me said it would be wrong."

"*Pues*," said the *gringo*, "I should notify the police."

"But if the police . . .?" Again José rubbed his thumb across his fingers.

The man did not answer at once. It was the woman who spoke first.

"Careful, Professor," she murmured lightly in English. "He admires you. And I don't think it's a hypothetical question."

Her husband appeared not to have heard her. He frowned.

"In that case," he told José slowly. "I think I should kill him—if I could. Without being detected, of course."

"John!"

"But I would," he said, looking at his wife. "I am, I suppose, an educated, civilized man. But before all else I am a man. Under certain conditions I should become a savage man."

They both looked at José. He had tilted his glass high to finish his drink, but when he lowered it his face was like a carved mask. Nor was it possible to read anything in his eyes.

THE next day the *gringo* hired a car and rode up into the mountains. He did not return until late that night.

"You must come with me next time," he said to his wife as he stripped off his dusty clothes and prepared to take a shower. "Fascinating country. I stopped in José's village. Found out a little about him." He frowned. "José's father was bushwhacked one night. A mystery. But right after that his mother sold the land—for a very small price—and came to town." He frowned again. "Someone has been buying land up there to grow opium poppies. Has to be a tie-up with certain officials, of course. My guess is that José's father refused to sell—at a low price, anyway. Probably the boy overheard the buyer's agent threaten his father. He may know who actually killed him, although I doubt that. But he does know the important thing; the name of the man who hired the killer."

"Who is he?"

"Why—the one who bought the land."

"You practically told José to murder him."

"I know. Shouldn't have, I suppose. Yet, damn it, you couldn't regard it as murder. Very justifiable homicide, I'd call it. The boy can't get any help from the law." The *gringo* shrugged. "But we needn't worry. How would José do it? His blowgun? Biggest game it will bag is rabbits. A pistol? He's too poor to buy one. Besides, a gun makes a lot of noise and he'd probably get caught."

"A knife."

He shook his head. "Too risky. The man wouldn't die at once. Before he did he'd tell someone, describe the boy. No, José would have to kill without being seen even by the man he was about to kill. José's too smart to get caught. He's so smart he allowed his mother to sell the land without ever accusing the man."

"Why?"

"Because the land-buyer also bought up the law. To have spoken up would have put José's own life in danger."

"Well, what will happen?"

"Nothing, I guess. José may never see the man. He probably exposes himself as little as possible. I'll bet he never goes up into the mountains. He has stooges for that." The *gringo* yawned. "I imagine the desire to kill will cool off. José has other things to think about—helping support a family, for instance."

HE spoke the last words confidently, yet as he stepped into the shower he was worried. He had not told his wife that the name of the land-buyer was Garcia.

He was afraid for José. Obviously, Garcia never dreamed that the little hotel roustabout was the son of a man he had ordered killed. For José the situation must be tempting. The *gringo* was afraid the boy, in some way, would try it—and get slain himself. Now he recalled that Garcia's expensive tailored suits bulged unnaturally under the left arm. A shoulder holster. To-morrow he would warn José in a very general, fatherly way.

He was afraid also for Garcia; it was impossible to escape a sense of responsibility towards him. In effect, he had signed Garcia's death warrant. The mountain boy had descended into the town with his direct, simplified understanding of justice, and the old woman who tutored him had made him doubt it—probably by decrying violence. Then, with a few words, the *gringo* had erased the doubt.

The *gringo* wondered what his own attitude would be if José acted. It was easy to lounge in a chair and assert that, under certain conditions, he would kill such a man as Garcia. But—if an actual test came—would he? And if by some miracle José succeeded in killing Garcia, how would he feel towards the boy then? He had grown fond of him; would he still be fond of him? Well . . . to-morrow he would speak to José.

He couldn't know it, but it was already too late to do anything about it.

He finished his shower, towelled himself, then belted on a dressing-gown and slipped his feet into a pair of sandals. He and his wife went out on the gallery and stood at the railing. The moon was full; its light struck brilliantly upon them and upon the top of the laurel tree and the bougainvillea vine in the corner of the patio, outlining each leaf as sharply as if it were shown in a flash of lightning. Below them the rest of the patio was a black, oblong pit.

They heard a door open behind them and Garcia stepped out of his room. He also wore a dressing-gown. As he walked up to stand beside them he was biting off the end of a cigar. He and the *gringo* spoke a few words, softly, for the rest of the hotel was sleep. The *gringo* asked how his business was. Very good, really, replied Garcia, and he lit his cigar. Then the *gringo's* wife squeezed her husband's arm and they excused themselves and went to their room and closed the door. Garcia remained at the railing to finish his cigar. Now and then he glanced at the moon.

From the bougainvillea vine protruded two inches of a black tube. Garcia didn't see it. He had tilted his head back and was drawing with satisfaction on his cigar when the first clay ball struck him.

Thut! He gasped. The cigar dropped from his mouth and fell over the railing. He pressed a hand to his left eye. In his pain he bent over, but then he straightened up and again for an instant the moonlight illuminated his face. *Thut!* He gasped once more and clutched at his right eye.

Then José laid his blowgun down and ran swiftly on bare feet around the corner of the gallery. In the waistband of his trousers he had a knife, but he did not draw it, for now he saw something that made him change his tactics in a split-second decision. Garcia, temporarily blinded, not knowing what had happened, still pressing his palms to his eyes, had turned around and his hips rested against the top of the railing.

José charged silently at full speed. His open hands, with the arms stiff, the elbows locked, struck Garcia on the chest.

Garcia opened his mouth to cry out, but the surprise of his (*Continued on page* 60)

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fall choked the sound in his throat. As he cartwheeled down, missing a branch of the laurel tree, vanishing into the blackness below.

Stepping back out of the moonlight, the boy waited. still as a statue, for a long time. But there was no sound. He saw a clay ball on the floor of the gallery and picked it up. He tried to find the other one, feeling in the shadows with his thin hand. He could not find it.

The screams of a chambermaid aroused the hotel in the morning. Steadily a muddle of voices grew louder and above it now and then rose the shrill cry of a woman or the bawling, authoritative tones of the proprietor. By the time the noise awakened the *gringo* and he put on his dressing-gown and sandals and went out to investigate, a paunchy chief of police and two of his men had arrived.

Looking down, the *gringo* saw with surprise the body of Garcia in the centre of a cluster of people. A policeman was showing the chief a partly burned cigar. Beside the body squatted a young man, evidently a doctor.

"Broken neck," the *gringo* heard him say. Then, "The eyes are red and swollen. But that may signify nothing."

The *gringo* was leaning thoughtfully on the railing when the police chief and the proprietor came puffing up to the third gallery.

Briefly the *gringo* told of conversing with Garcia the night before. The police chief asked him a few sharp questions, turned away and peered down over the railing.

The *gringo* became aware that José was standing close beside him. He put his hand on the boy's shoulder and felt the thin body tremble. And he saw, near one of his own feet, a clay ball on the gallery floor. José must

Death In The Patio

have seen it at the same instant, for he made a convulsive movement, as if to bend and snatch it up. But the man's hand tightened powerfully on his shoulder.

José glanced up at him and then quickly away. His eyes were not inscrutable now, they were those of a terrified little boy.

". . . dropped his cigar . . . leaned over to recover it," the police chief was saying. "It is possible," he added with a shrug.

Out of the corner of one eye José saw a big sandalled foot lift carefully and move over, crushing the clay ball to dust. The hand on his shoulder grew gentle.

"This afternoon," the *gringo* said casually, "do not forget to come to our room and have a drink with the *Señora* and me."

END

Books (*Continued from page* 28)

And a fourth, of Russell: "One of the biggest frauds and hoaxes even Ireland ever produced!" If you're misled by this byplay you'll never understand the Irish, even with Mr. Duff's expert, admirable help. The photographs are a joy.

URSULA VENABLES' **"Tempestuous Eden"** (Museum Press, 18s.) is around Whiteness, north of Unst, Shetland, where she has lived with her husband studying crofters and bird and other nature life. Lonely but fascinating, especially for ornithologists. .

ENCHANTING modern colour-plates, art reproductions, pictorial maps and text of literary quality make **"Scandinavia"** (McGraw-Hill, 30s.), edited by Doré Ogrizek, much more than a guide. It covers Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Iceland.

FREDA WHITE'S **"Three Rivers Of France"** (Faber, 25s.) are the Dordogne with its prehistoric Lascaux caves, castles and abbeys; the Lot with its Pont Valentré and Bonaguil, gorges and Conques Abbey; and the Tarn, also with gorges, high *causses*, Albi Cathedral and Moissac cloister. She writes alluringly of this less-known terrain, pictured in fine photographs.

"AUSTRIAN HOLIDAY" (Redman, 15s.) by S. P. B. and Gillian Mais is a diary of an extensive tour covering most places that matter from Vienna to the Tyrol, with practical tips for tourist and good photographs.

WHAT has been called "the Golden Age of English domestic architecture" is ably interpreted in Raymond Francis's **"Looking For Georgian England"** (Macdonald, 15s.), with emphasis on the smaller homes, inns and civic buildings of our towns and villages and over 100 photographs.

FIRED by Mr. W. R. Hearst's example, fellow-American August Slezacher bought a Welsh castle. He got it for so much less than the previous coalowner that the latter's statue in Ferncleft Park "was found tilted as if nauseated," and he brought prospects of brisker employment at a time when our industrial apparatus "had its mouth so fixedly open the experts were lined up and staring hard trying to decide if it was a long yawn or lockjaw." That is the start of Gwyn Thomas's **"Now Lead Us Home"** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) and we follow the interplay of castle and village with another kind of lockjaw induced by laughter. Mr. Thomas is brilliantly funny, but he shouldn't make his characters talk in the same style as the narrative, sometimes for whole pages. With that one grumble we leave you to be agreeably convulsed by a kind of *The Ghost Goes West* in reverse.

MEL GOODWIN was just a U.S. general until he stopped an ugly incident between Russian and U.S. patrols on the Berlin Zone border. After that, and his recall to Washington, he had to become a diplomat and a lot more that perplexed him. His 500-page story in John P. Marquand's **"Melville Goodwin, U.S.A."** (Hale, 15s.) tells us much about U.S. life: radio-boosting, West Point, the Pentagon, his home-town, Connecticut, and the inevitable "other woman." A spacious study of a soldier in a complicated set-up alien to his nature.

SINCE 1948 Kay Boyle has lived in the U.S. Zone of Germany. Her eleven stories, **"The Smoking Mountain"** (Faber, 15s.) reflect the bitterness and cunning of a defeated people in relation to the occupying victors and show that the curse Hitler and his Nazis brought to their and our world goes on, tainting both in diverse ways. She writes as an artist forced to present the truth as she sees it, however grim it may be, not sparing her own people in a satire of an American cocktail party in a Hessian villa, "Summer Evening."

FOCUSING a main character through the eyes of others in the story is one way of giving it angular dimension. In **"Cousin Emily"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) Constantine Fitz Gibbon shows us a handsome, worldly hostess at her daughter's wedding reception in Paris, then cuts back to the woman she was as five people present knew her, including a former lover, first husband, divorced, a friend of her second, dead, whose writing career she warped, and her maid. A portrait of a sensual, selfish egoist emerges from this well-shaped novel.

F. ADDINGTON SYMONDS uses a similar device in **"Portrait Of The Accused"** (Boardman, 10s. 6d.) in which a man is charged with murdering a business superior who bullied him. We have the jury's verdict; but what of that of the people who knew him? Again the private portrait is not necessarily the public one. Not so much a whodunit as a dramatic character study.

A "nice" girl, daughter of a small-town lawyer, who loses her man to a rival just before her wedding, then meets other complications in New York, makes the story in Faith Baldwin's **"You Can't Escape"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.). She also makes good in the end, to our satisfaction.

E. V. TIMMS has now written four sound stories of Australian life from pioneering days onwards. **"The Valleys Beyond"** (Angus & Watson, 12s. 6d.) concerns the poor bounty immigrants of 1841 and the remarkable Caroline Chisholm who helped to settle 11,000 of them in New South Wales. It is a robust tale of Sydney and the outbacks.

END

In Defence Of Fathers (*Continued from page* 33)

petulantly to her father that she couldn't get the man out of her mind . . . *"he haunts me . . . it is a persecution . . ."* And Edward Barrett rebuked her genially for being *"ungrateful"* to her new and famous friend. And nicknamed Browning "The Pomegranate Man" from his new volume *Bells And Pomegranates*.

WHEN the final break came and Elizabeth escaped to love and life, what ultimately set her free, by her own admission, was the fact that the doctors ordered her to winter in Italy to save her life and her father flatly refused to believe them and vetoed the idea. Her disillusionment is a cry which rings unforgettably in a letter to Robert:

"The bitterest 'fact' of all is that I had believed Papa to love me more than he obviously does . . ." No defence can be attempted here, but equally, no one need deny that Edward Barrett was not the only man to pooh-pooh doctors.

She had relied on his love, in spite of all. Now she was to learn that his obstinacy was paramount, and would be to the end of his life. He was never to see her nor even to open her letters to him, after she fled from her home.

But she had believed in his love. And she loved him always to the end. Because of the years when, in its own strange and domineering way, it had surrounded her, indulged her, rejoiced in her gifts and her fame, and—terribly misguidedly—walled her in from the great outer world from which she shrank. . . . Her own invalid exigeance had kept her beloved eldest brother at Sidmouth in attendance upon her, contrary to their father's will. When he was drowned there on a boating expedition, Edward Barrett had the terrible experience of having to identify the remains of his eldest son after three weeks of destruction by the cruel sea. Elizabeth, hypersensitive to morbidity, felt herself responsible and repeated with passionate gratitude that her father never once, by so much as a sigh, reproached her. . . .

THAT other father, Patrick Brontë, has been almost equally turned into a bogeyman. . . . And with far less excuse, for he was immeasurably more human and warm-hearted than Edward Barrett. He is depicted and largely remembered as the widower clergyman of violent temper who penned his children in a grim, cold parsonage and found their *"innocent but distressing prattle"* too much for his nerves and only saw them at tea-time. Who sent the girls to that appalling school, Cowan Bridge, and two of them came home to die as the result of the scandalous conditions and treatment and Charlotte bore the results in her heart, brain and fragile body for all of her life. And who, finally, opposed her marriage, late in her desolated life, to his curate, Arthur Nicholls; had what was nearly a fit of apoplexy with rage, at the idea; and only submitted when that long-suffering man consented to live at the parsonage and never deprive her father of Charlotte. . . . (*Continued on page* 62)

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Round and round goes the news that America's most sought-after bra is now available here— made by Corsets Silhouette Ltd. under licence from Peter Pan Inc. of New York. The secret of the success of the MERRY-GO-ROUND bra is in the circular stitching. It separates . . . it supports . . . and retains the shape of the net-lined, four-section cups through countless washings and wearings. Nylon, of course. There's a folder which tells you all about it and where you can try one on. Write for it now!

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Once more, let us consider the attested facts. The legend of Papa Brontë comes, first and foremost, from Mrs. Gaskell, that impulsive, indiscreet but supreme biographer. She detested Papa! And loved and pitied Charlotte, and felt that she was a martyr to filial duty. He said that he "*did not know that he had an enemy in the world*" until he read her life of his daughter.

Nor had he. Patrick Brontë was a handsome, susceptible Irishman, who raised himself by his own talents from a mud cabin in Ireland to Cambridge and a wide north country parish. Hot tempered, certainly; have you ever known an Irishman who was not? . . . But his wife loved him, his parishioners loved him, his servants loved him. There have been abundant voices down the years to confute, with indignation, the legends of his outbreaks of temper which Mrs. Gaskell stressed. He was left a widower with a family of children of whom the four survivors were extraordinarily gifted and two of them may be said to have possessed genius.

He encouraged, fostered, and delighted in his children's precocious talents. They had books and newspapers galore and he would discuss the politics and history of the day with them, saying fondly and proudly that he could do so with as much pleasure as with any adult.

The household was terribly poor. But Papa contrived to give his brilliant children a drawing-master and music lessons, and there was a piano for Emily, the real musician. Their friends were welcomed as visitors. When Branwell, the only son, the hope and pride, sank deeper and deeper into debts and drink and degeneracy, the old father nursed and tended him day and night, until death released Branwell from a wrecked life and his family from a crushing burden.

The fearful insanitary position of the house has been stressed as contributing to their tragic, untimely deaths. It is not generally known that Mr. Brontë fought for better conditions and was defeated by the parish council.

He is remembered for his eccentricities, his selfishness in old age, etc. He might also

In Defence Of Fathers

be remembered as a man who recognized and cherished his children's gifts before anyone else recognized them. . . . There is on record the simple testimony of one of the villagers to whom the vicar said that Emily was the greatest of them all . . . which posterity has affirmed.

And when the vexed question of Charlotte's marriage came into play, his chief reason for anger was that he felt his famous daughter should marry into the Great World; should, in short, "do better" than bestow herself and her genius on a simple soul like his curate. . . .

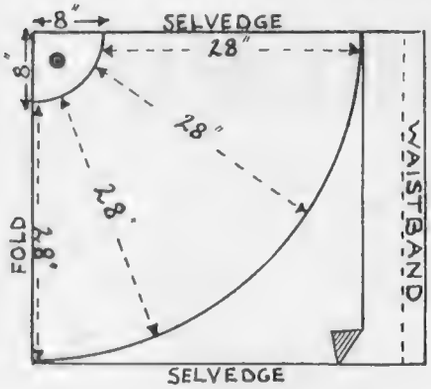
Finally, Charlotte dearly loved him. If he depended on her, she also depended on him.

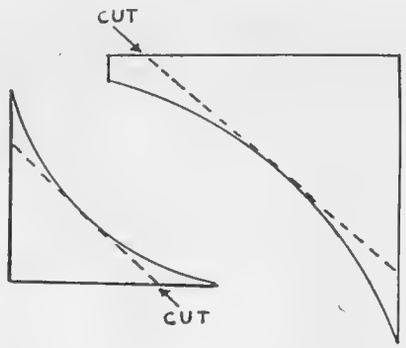
"*May God preserve him to us yet for some years! The wish for his continued life, together with a certain solicitude for his happiness and health, seems, I scarcely know why, even stronger in me than before I was married.*"

Those words of hers might well be borne in mind? . . .

END

Accessories For Sun (*Continued from page* 34)





under the side edges, sew on the strips in the following order: webbing ¼ in. from edge, then braid, then webbing, leaving 1 in. of towelling between each row. Machine fringe on the edge.

To make the bag, cut the remainder of the webbing in half and stitch right round each cloth ½ in. from the edge. Turn right side inside and sew the two cloths together, leaving an opening about 9 in. long, down two of the sides to form the bag top. Stitch the fringe all round the edge of the bag.

Cut two triangles of lining the size of the opening and tucking in raw edges, stitch in. Attach the handles and the bag is complete.

END

Let The Doors Be Shut (*Continued from page* 30)

suddenly, and the cycle staggered. Then, as she watched him, uncouth and waist-deep in the meadow-sweet, the curiosity in her face changed to doubt and then to alarm.

She drew level with him and he began to climb from the ditch. He wanted to appear like an ordinary walker. He tried to smile disarmingly, to wave his hand to her casually, but somehow his appearance frightened her. Her face went white. She flung up her head, her heel caught in her wide yellow skirt. She lost control of the cycle, twisted its handlebars, flailed her brown legs desperately. Fletcher struggled to free himself from the restraining stalks of the ditch, and he scrambled toward her, anxious to steady her cycle and calm her fears.

But she pedalled away before he could reach her. His voice, choking with fear and indignation, called after her. "What's the matter? It's all right!"

She rode faster, her head turned back over her shoulder, her mouth open, her hair blowing across her face. Then he realized that she had recognized him, intuitively perhaps, or from his picture in the newspapers.

HE began to run, too, away from the road, leaping the opposite ditch and struggling across the field to the rise of the hill. He ran quickly, and when he reached the sunken lane that led from the road to the old anti-aircraft site he looked about him carefully before he slackened his pace to a walk.

He pulled aside the barbed-wire and went across to the empty Nissen hut where he had slept two nights before, and there he dropped to the floor.

He lay there for three or four minutes before he remembered the gun.

He pulled himself to his feet and looked about the hut for the pistol, finding it at last in the corner where he had thrown his coat. He picked it up, wiped the dust from it, and felt the weight of it slowly restoring his confidence. He balanced it gently, gripped its butt, withdrew the magazine, emptied the breech, and squeezed the trigger. As he slipped the weapon into his jacket pocket he felt that his stature had grown. He stretched back his shoulders and pushed his tongue arrogantly against his lips.

He went across to the glassless window and looked down at the road.

He saw the policeman cycling along the valley from the village but he was not alarmed. The constable was alone, riding erect with the dignified equanimity of all policemen on bicycles. The heat in the valley was so intense that the air rose in quivering undulations, and the policeman seemed to be cycling through a film of restless water, treading it with his long blue legs.

He rode on casually until he reached the spot where Fletcher had met the girl. There he rose in his saddle until he was standing on the pedals, threw his leg casually over the pillion, and came to a running halt like a dancer. Still holding the cycle he looked into the ditch, bending over to part the meadow-sweet. Then he placed his cycle on the ground, put his hands on his hips and looked slowly round the valley.

WHEN he turned his face towards the Nissen hut he stopped. He was perhaps three-quarters of a mile away, yet it seemed to Fletcher that he could see the dawning understanding on the policeman's face.

Then the constable took off his helmet, wiped his forehead slowly, remounted his cycle and rode away to the village. He rode quickly this time, his body bent forward over the high handlebars.

Fletcher felt the sweat turning cold beneath his arm-pits. He thrust his hand into his pocket and gripped the butt of the pistol for comfort.

Fletcher knew that he must go, yet he was unwilling to leave the hut. He studied the valley curiously, saw the rise of hills on the other side a mile or two away, thickly timbered and stretching westward like a turbulent green sea. Beyond them was the village, and in the village, for all he knew, were more police, and perhaps the Army by this time.

It was time to go, he knew that it was time to go, but the open floor of the valley frightened him.

HE walked out into the lane, into the hot, thick smell of the nettles. When he reached the roadway he stopped behind the hedge and waited for some minutes, watching each approach carefully, his face tight and his lower lip sucked between his teeth until it was bloodless. Then he suddenly closed his eyes, burst from the ditch and ran across the road, falling into the ditch the other side, sobbing. There he lay, listening, until carried forward now by passion, he pulled himself to his feet and climbed into the fallow field beyond.

At last he found the narrow path and followed it for a hundred yards, where it ran obliquely across the side of the hill. He stopped, groped painfully in his memory, looking first one way and then the other. Finally he broke away from the path into the trees and found the old gun-pit, built years before by the Home Guard.

At first he was in darkness, then narrow rays of light from the rifle apertures softened the shadows. He sat on his haunches, wishing he had a cigarette, trying to plan his movements. But although it had been easy to plan during the first twenty-four hours of his escape from prison he could no longer think clearly. For five days he had lived like an animal, and now he had only the reflexes of an animal. (*Continued on page* 64)

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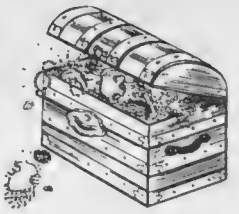

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Then he remembered the food he had left in the gun-pit two nights before. He had stolen three cans of peaches, eaten two of them and flung the other aside contemptuously. Now he searched for it hungrily, feeling over the damp earth with the palms of his hands.

When he found the can he pulled a nail from the woodwork of the pit, punctured a hole in the top of the can and drank the sweet juice thankfully. It was cold. It trickled down his chin and dropped on his chest. He drove more holes into the lid until he was able to wrench up a corner of it. He scooped out the golden saucers of fruit with his fingers.

While the food satisfied him it also increased his hunger for a cigarette, and he sat miserably by the rifle aperture, staring down past the trunks of the trees to the road in the bed of the valley.

At first, when he saw them, he watched the lorries coming without alarm. They came from the village, preceded by half a dozen black sedan cars, radio antennae gently oscillating on their roofs. There were eight lorries, Army lorries, and these more than the police cars made Fletcher realize what was happening.

Yet still he sat in the dank gun-pit, staring down at the road while the lorries and the police cars spilled a wave of khaki and blue along the ditch and into the fields on either side of the road. There the sharp fluting of a whistle gathered them into little groups. One man stood apart, gripping the leashes of three great dogs. Their baying stiffened Fletcher's spine.

Fletcher watched them come, his mouth open, his tongue resting on his teeth. He seemed mesmerized by the slow, purposeful advance of that wavering line. At one end of it the dogs bayed and scrambled among the water.

THEN Fletcher, switched suddenly into life, scrambled towards the mouth of the gun-pit and pulled himself free of it. He stood up, looking first one way and then the other, and then he began to run along the side of the hill, crouched, breaking through the bushes, struck by the grasping branches of the trees.

He ran as quickly as he could, and the voices of the men, the barking of the dogs, gradually died away behind him. There was only the breaking of twigs beneath his feet, the brush of branches against his shoulders, and the heavy, pounding beat of his breathing.

At last he slowed to a walk and then stopped altogether, listening. He heard nothing beyond the normal noises of the wood, and he smiled slowly, patted the pistol in his pocket and walked on.

He came upon the wall suddenly. At first he thought only a screen of hazel and hawthorn was before him, and then he saw that this masked the wall itself, a wall eight or ten feet high, a flint wall topped by an ugly barrier of broken glass. He hated walls as only a convict can hate them, and he stared at it angrily.

He turned to the left until he realized that this was taking him down the hill and would eventually bring him into the open. So he faced about and began to climb the hill. Still the wall went on, endlessly it seemed, and he grew impatient with it. He knew that he must climb it or wait there until the police found him.

To the problem of surmounting the wall he set himself with a determination he had not shown for two or three days. The wall was high, the glass barrier unpleasantly sharp. He discovered an oak which, spreading its branches wide to catch the high sun, dipped some of them over the wall itself.

He climbed up into the tree, eased himself along a branch towards the wall, looking down contentedly as he passed over the teeth of the broken bottles, and then he swung from the branch until he was hanging by his hands. He let go and fell through the thick darkness of laurels to the earth.

He lay still for a moment, cunningly, listening for anything that might indicate he had been seen. But there was no suspicious sound, just the nervous movement of leaves and, far away, the complacent humming of an aeroplane.

Fletcher crawled through the bushes and stood to his feet on a smooth, green lawn. He could see nothing but the lawn and across it a barrier of more bushes and carefully tailored trees. He was alone, or at least he thought he was alone until he saw a man watching him calmly from the side of a rhododendron bush.

Fletcher caught his breath with a cry and clutched the pistol in his pocket. He was about to run when he realized that the only way he could run was towards the man.

THE stranger did not move. He was an incredibly tall man, middle-aged and emaciated. His black jacket hung loosely on his angular shoulders. He leant on a stick and did not move. His hair covered his skull like a round cap of grey wool, as if it had once been shaved completely and had only just begun to grow again.

The stranger moved first. He took the weight of his body from his stick and stepped forward quickly. He waved the stick in casual greeting. Fletcher thrust his hand into his pocket and grasped the butt of the pistol.

When the man was a yard away he stopped, thrust the stick into the earth and said: "My dear sir, how do you do?" He put out a hand, a long, bloodless thing with fingers that were knotted at the knuckles.

Fletcher did not take the hand. He stared suspiciously at the man's face. It was long and narrow for such a broad head, tapering from the temples to a sharp, ill-tempered jaw. Yet it had a curious and sad dignity, made ridiculous by that skull-cap of hair. The man's eyes were the most marked feature, deeply set and widely spaced, alight with some inner intensity and staring out of deep sockets. The colour of the man's skin was a pale ivory, highly polished ivory that has also grown a little mellow in age. Although Fletcher did not recognize it as such, it was the skin of a man lately recovered from sickness.

HE looked down at his hand, stretched out between himself and Fletcher, and he stared at it as if it belonged to neither of them. Then he shrugged his shoulders and withdrew it.

His eyes stared at Fletcher carefully. "We don't know each other, do we?"

Fletcher found his voice from somewhere inside the confusion of his mind. "No," he said truculently, "we don't."

"I thought not," said the man, "my name is Burrows." And then suddenly he whirled the stick about in his hand until it began to hum. He looked at it happily. "I rather like the noise that makes, don't you? It amused me a great deal as a child. What is your name, sir?"

Fletcher thought desperately. He was going to refuse to answer, to brush past the man, when the curiously intense expression of the man's eyes stopped him. "Johnson," he said, "That's it, Johnson's my name."

Burrows nodded gravely, jerking his head forward and continuing to nod long after it seemed necessary. Then he spun the stick again, stopping it suddenly to bring it round in a wide arc. "Delightful place, this Mr. Johnson. I always think it is tragic that these old country houses had to be given up. Tragic," he said, and then repeated the word, emphasizing it by prodding his stick into the grass. "Tragic, tragic, very, very tragic." His head jerked up. "Don't you think so, Mr. Johnson? You don't look as if you think so, you know. If you will forgive the impertinence, I think you look unhappy." His voice, once deep and resonant, changed now to a querulous and quarrelling pipe.

"I suppose it is," said Fletcher impatiently. "I hadn't thought about it."

"My dear sir, you should. These are the sort of things we should all think about. Where are you going, Mr. Johnson?"

FLETCHER, who had decided that the man was harmless, had turned away and was moving towards the distant bushes when the last harsh and vicious tone of Burrows's voice stopped him. He turned his head and saw that Burrows's eyes were angry. "Why," he said, and thought quickly, "I was going down to the village. This is the way to the gate," he added desperately, "isn't it?"

Burrows laughed and spun the stick a little. "But of course you can't you know."

"Eh?" said Fletcher, and he put his hand on his pistol again. He swaggered. "Why can't I, eh? Are you going to stop me?"

"My dear, dear Mr. Johnson!" Burrows spread out his hands from his body and Fletcher was surprised by the length of the arms. The stick, hanging from the white fingers, was a stout ashplant and Fletcher looked at it suspiciously.

Burrows laughed, and his body relaxed. "We were having such a pleasant talk. Come back, please, Mr. Johnson. Come back, my dear sir, at once!"

Fletcher, still holding the pistol in his pocket, took one step nearer the man, which seemed to satisfy Burrows, for he hummed the stick through the air again and then raised his other hand.

HE stepped quickly to Fletcher's side and linked arms. He held Fletcher's right arm tightly, locking the hand that gripped the pistol. Fletcher was alarmed, his body stiffened, and he looked up at Burrows's firm and gentle face. He tried to take his hand from his pocket but Burrows tightened the grip and clucked his tongue reprovingly.

"Don't be unsociable, my dear fellow. Let's take a walk together. You're a newcomer and I must show you about. You know," he said chidingly as he stared at Fletcher's unshaven chin, "they have very high standards of personal cleanliness here. I thought I'd warn you. Now," he said, taking a step forward and pulling Fletcher with him. "A smart walk before lunch, and afterwards a game of chess, eh? What do you say to that? I said what do you say to that, Mr. Johnson?"

THE awful truth began to invade Fletcher's mind slowly. He dragged himself free with one fierce jerk and stood back.

"Here," he said throatily. "What's the game? What's the matter with you?"

Burrows watched him with sorrow. "You mustn't be frightened," he said, nodding his head slowly, the cap of wool bowing. "We're all frightened at first. So frightened. If you're frightened you'll make me unhappy again." His sad eyes smiled across the gap between them. He stepped forward.

"Get away, you old fool!" said Fletcher and pulled the pistol from his pocket.

Burrows stared at it curiously. "My dear sir, how remarkable. How on earth did you persuade them to let you keep that?" He looked up at Fletcher and wagged a long finger coyly. "You've been very naughty, you know. I really must tell them. It's most dangerous. Some of the poor unfortunates here are quite mad, you know. What would happen if they got hold of that, Mr. Johnson?" He waved his hand towards the pistol. "Now you must give it to me."

Fletcher felt the sweat running in a cold tracing down his spine. "You stay where you are," he said, and added "You old fool!"

Burrows drew himself up in hurt dignity, placing his stick before him and putting both hands on it. "That is the second time you have called me that, sir."

THE butt of the pistol sweated in Fletcher's grip. "Where's the gate?" he said. "How do I get out of here?"

"I know," said Burrows gently, "I know just how you feel, Mr. Johnson. I was just as unhappy. But," he looked at Fletcher enthusiastically. "The knife, and it goes. Truly, most remarkable. But of course you have chosen that way." He raised his stick and pointed it at the pistol.

Fletcher eased his neck again. A shadow had fallen across the grass and the dark leaves of the bushes. The air grew close and peculiarly silent. Above him he saw the deep, black bulk of clouds.

"Mr. Johnson, you are really to be congratulated. Of course I understand now. My dear sir, forgive me for (*Continued on page* 66

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interrupting you. Please continue, although it is something I really would like to see. Would you mind?" He pleaded. "Would you mind very much, sir, if I watched?"

"Look here," said Fletcher angrily, "where's the gate?"

"You do mind," said Burrows unhappily. "My dear sir, you misunderstand me, I am not an insensitive clod. To understand the motives of a fellow human being is to feel with him. Please continue. Mr. Johnson you need not feel self-conscious."

When Fletcher did not move Burrows's voice became sharper. "Please continue, sir. Please shoot yourself."

"Shoot myself?"

Burrows opened his hands in apology. "Forgive my crudeness, Mr. Johnson. And I have told you how sensitive I am! It was unforgivably *gauche* of me to speak of it like that." He looked at Fletcher serenely, and then giggled.

Fletcher looked about desperately. They were alone, the heavy bushes held them in a box of dark colour. The sky overhead grew blacker.

"You're mad," he said at last, "I know, you're mad!"

Burrows drew his shoulders back steadily. "I explained that, Mr. Johnson. I explained it." He stepped forward.

"Get back!" Fletcher said, "or I'll shoot you."

Burrows shook his head. "No, Mr. Johnson, not me. You are confused. Please don't worry about the others. I shall be happy to explain." He shrugged his shoulders. "They are stupid at times, of course, but I shall explain it to them. Please continue, sir."

HE was close to Fletcher now, a tall, nodding figure in his loose jacket, his sad, amused eyes staring down at Fletcher's own. His stomach was less than two inches from the muzzle of the pistol. He raised his hand and gently laid his fingers along the barrel. "You have been very kind to me," he said slowly. "So few people are kind to us. They share so little of their happiness with us.

"Please continue, Mr. Johnson." The voice was a gentle, persuading whisper. "There, sir, do not be embarrassed."

Burrows tightened his fingers about the barrel of the pistol and raised it toward Fletcher's head.

Fletcher dragged himself free of his terror.

He released his own grip on the pistol and stepped back. "*No!*" he said.

"You disappoint me, Mr. Johnson."

Fletcher turned and ran.

He ran wildly at first, bursting through the bushes, until he realized that he was running deeper into the grounds. Beyond the leaves he saw, indistinctly, the outlines of a great brick building, and he heard voices. He stopped. He heard the padding of feet behind him, a voice calling. "Mr. Johnson, *please* Mr. Johnson!"

Fletcher ran on, turning in a wide arc, making for the wall again, and when he reached it it stretched before him, high, broken glass shining dully below the storm-clouds. He struggled along through the bushes, beating back the leaves, and still he heard Burrows's voice.

"Mr. Johnson, please wait, Mr. Johnson. We'll do it together, if you wish, sir. *Together* I promise you."

FLETCHER came at last to a tree that stretched its slender branches toward the wall. He pulled himself up into it, swinging like an animal to the top of the wall, feeling the glass breaking beneath his feet. And then he jumped down, falling on his face.

But his terror did not leave him. He heard Burrows's voice, on the other side of the wall, high-pitched, demanding. "Mr. Johnson, you left the weapon, sir! Please come back, please come back."

Fletcher got to his feet and ran on into the trees. He forgot that the wall was now between him and the tall, sad old man. He thought he could hear footsteps behind him still, and that plaintive, unhappy voice calling.

He ran down the hill and out of the trees. A roll of thunder unfolded itself along the length of the downs and the rain began to fall.

Climbing the hill-slope towards him he saw the thin line of policemen and soldiers. Whistles piped as he came into view, and one flank of the line swept round to meet him.

He ran to meet it, sobbing with relief.

END

Second Lesson (*Continued from page* 39)

of the garment. Then the separate parts can be taken apart ready for stitching.

A general rule for stitching seams is from the widest part to the narrow part, as for example: shoulder seams from neck to armhole. Underarm down to waist: hem of skirt to waist, and for darts wide part to point, as already mentioned.

When stitching sleeves, press down any elbow darts before doing underarm seam, then stitch from armhole to wrist, but place sleeve in sewing machine with darts or fullness on top, so that you can control these as you stitch.

When stitching sleeve into armhole, again stitch with fullness on top, so that you can guide it under the needle. Start stitching an inch in front of the armhole seam and overlap an inch when you complete the operation, for strength. When stitching pleats, always do so from the bottom of the pleat up. The reverse method spoils the hang.

Pressing is a very important part of home dressmaking. An iron and well padded ironing board with two pressing cloths, one damp and one dry, need to be handy for constant use.

Be sure to press each seam dart or group of tucks, before they are joined to another seam.

All darts should be pressed towards the centre front or back of the garment (according to whether they are on the front or the back) or if they are slashed, press them open and over-sew each edge separately.

Every seam, however short, should be pressed as soon as it is stitched. For pressing seams open that you feel may not take an iron over a damp cloth, use a small paint-brush, dip in water, and run the wet brush down the centre of the seam on the wrong side. Press with a dry cloth over it.

A good way to press hems is to place a dry cloth over the skirt and damp the cloth with a sponge as you go along.

A tailor's cushion and a sleeve board are both helpful and useful additions to your equipment for pressing small seams, etc., as they are not so bulky as a skirt board.

When pressing pleats for their final pressing after the hem is completed, tack pleats down with fine silk thread, place flat on board, cover with slightly damp cloth and press flat, lifting and replacing iron; do not run it up and down pleats.

END

Transformation Scene (*Continued from page* 49)

in the country, buy prepared hair from the wholesale houses, which carry stocks of all grades, colours, lengths and qualities. But, if necessary, they can also deal with the raw hair directly it has travelled down the mountain.

First, then, hair is graded for colour, quality and length, disentangled by passing through the hackle, fixed to the bench, sectioned, the roots levelled and firmly tied.

Rooting and pointing is tremendously important in postiche work. One reverse hair can ruin a wig, understandable when you know that the structure of a human hair is jagged, with overlapping outgrowths, like fish scales. (Draw the finger along one of your own hairs, the other way round, point to root, and you'll feel the sensation of going against the grain.)

So, section after section of hair is gripped between wire drawing brushes and carefully drawn off, a few strands at a time, with a blunt palette knife—and the operation then repeated in reverse—until all root ends face the operator, ready for tying up.

* * *

The posticheur will almost certainly have to mix certain lengths and shades of hair to obtain the right taper and the required colour, for one colour of human hair is composed of many tones and half tones. This mixing for colour and taper is one of the most skilful operations in the process. Colour upon colour upon colour are lightly placed in the faithful hackle, while the hair sections, are deftly twisted into each other and the whole piece is twisted and hackled, until the colours marry.

It all looks as easy as the effortless movements of the ballet dancer, and means almost as many years of sweat and practice.

The next important stage, on which the true success of the wig depends, is the mount. This will probably be a caul net, a cap-shaped foundation, bound with French galoon, wide-meshed from crown to nape, closer meshed for the frontal portion, and fixed to the skull-shaped block with block points.

It has arrived at its right shape after the taking of detailed measurements, the cutting of paper patterns, the sketching of the hair line, the trying on, seaming, darting, stitching, ironing. Galoon-covered watch springs, light as air, ensure that the mount fits snugly In wear, the foundation can be as comfortable as a correctly fitting bra.

* * * *

Now the mount is ready for the delicate operation of knotting, an implantation of hair on to the net, sometimes a few at the time, sometimes hair by hair.

With a hooked needle so fine that it can scarcely be seen by the naked eye, with unlimited patience and a rapid proficiency that has taken seven years' apprenticeship to acquire, the woman knotter goes to work. Think of rug making or crocheting and you have the idea. The fine nature of this work makes invisible mending seem, by comparison, thick and clumsy. It's a figure of speech to us, but a hair's breadth must have very special meaning to a knotter.

Women knotters are decreasing in numbers. It is not easy, sigh the posticheurs, to find girls with enough patience to serve a seven-year apprenticeship before they count as skilled workers, when they can go straight into a factory and earn money by turning a handle.

* * *

The wig, then, is ready to be set and dressed, and the posticheur may be thankful that it's just a block and can't talk back. There's nobody to say "I'd like the curls set this way," or "I must be dry now." He can go right ahead with his dressing which is done in much the same way as straightforward hair setting.

Just as normal hair requires hairdressing attention about every two weeks, so the wig should go back to the posticheur each fortnight for cleaning and re-dressing. It follows then, that two, or even three wigs are necessary for the regular wearer .... one on, one off, one for emergency.

But so long as the mount is not injured, the modern wig need not be namby-pambied. It can be brushed and combed, even put up in curls at night. And it can be worn in a high wind with complete ease of mind.

END

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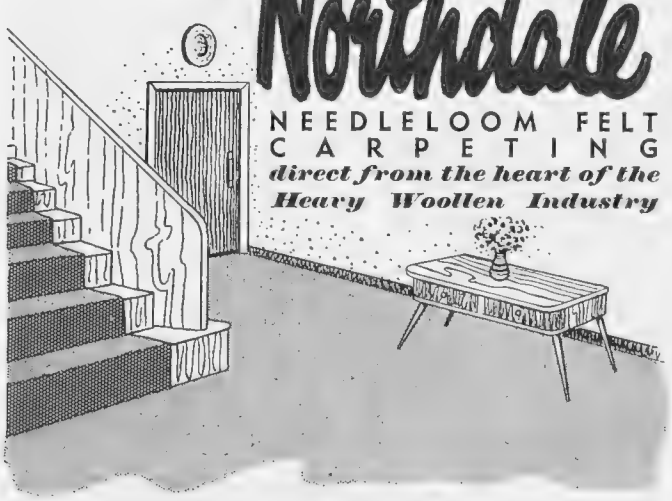

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The Immortal Alice

(*Continued from page 22*)

Dodgson did not feel happy about his own drawings with which—after some research into a Natural History borrowed from the College Deanery—he had embellished his manuscript.

It was the writer, Tom Taylor, who put him on to Tenniel, then in his early thirties and already winning distinction as a *Punch* cartoonist. In 1864 John Tenniel agreed to illustrate the book, and the world knows how brilliantly he interpreted the elusive, dream-like spirit of Dodgson's story.

It would be nice to think that the little river-companion who inspired Dodgson's heroine was the one whose likeness Tenniel made familiar to a million readers. But, alas, this is not so. For some reason Dodgson did not favour Alice Liddell, pretty and appealing though she undoubtedly was, as a model for Tenniel's pencil. Instead, looking round for an original who fitted more exactly his vision of the story-book Alice, he discovered in the shop-window of a certain Mr. Gray the photograph of Miss Mary Badcock.

And when he saw the small, round and rather serious features of this unknown little girl he knew he had found, from the pictorial point of view, his ideal Alice.

A surviving photograph of Mary, taken about 1864—possibly that which first attracted Dodgson—shows how happily Tenniel caught the face and figure of this small model, now so fortuitously called on to play her part in the building of the Alice legend.

Tenniel and Macmillans must have worked fast for it was only six months later, on July 4, 1865, that Dodgson's book was published. On that day—exactly three years after the memorable river-picnic when the Alice story was first told—Alice Liddell became the proud possessor of the first presentation copy of the first issue of the first edition of *Alice*.

The author did not appear as Charles Lutwidge Dodgson: the name on the title-page was Lewis Carroll, a pseudonym that Dodgson had first adopted in 1856 when contributing a poem to a magazine called *The Train*.

This unassuming pen-name (a Latinized version of Charles Lutwidge reversed) has become so comfortably grafted on to the now world-famous title that any other designation for the author seems unthinkable.

So Lewis Carroll it was; and all the world soon knew that Carroll was Dodgson. Yet the shy lecturer of Christ Church—author under his own name of serious mathematical treatises—would always, in his efforts to avoid the limelight and lionizing that threatened him as Lewis Carroll, emphatically disclaimed any connection with writings not published under the name of Dodgson.

But there was one hitch in the launching of *Alice*. Handling the red cloth-bound copies of that historic first edition in July, 1865, Dodgson suddenly had doubts. Tenniel's illustrations which should have been sharp and clear, seemed to him poorly reproduced. He showed the book to the artist, who agreed. And so all possible copies (of which only fifty of the 2,000 printed had gone out) were hurriedly recalled.

The defective issue was replaced by a second edition which appeared late in 1865 (though dated 1866). But not all the condemned copies were retrieved, and that initial flaw put the "1865 *Alice*" in the top rank as a collectors' rarity, pushing its sale-room price up to fantastic heights (in one case £5,000).

Amid the general chorus of approval that greeted *Alice* there was one carping voice. That staid weekly *The Athenæum* wrote in December, 1865: "This is a dream story in which Mr. Carroll has laboured hard to keep together strange adventure and heterogeneous combinations (*sic*), and Mr. Tenniel again is square and grim and uncouth in his illustrations." Otherwise the book's reception was all that Dodgson and Tenniel could desire.

By Dodgson's death in 1898 the book had run into many editions and sold some 110,000 copies in English alone, to say nothing of the translations into various foreign tongues. Its success led Dodgson to produce *Through The Looking-Glass* in 1872 (again illustrated by Tenniel); and this second masterpiece enhanced still further the popularity of the Alice theme.

Parodists have, of course, made *Alice* a happy hunting-ground. They have produced such pseudo-Carrollian oddities as *Alice in Blunderland, in Bumbleland, in Hunderland, in Jungleland, in Legal Land, in Lumberland, in Motorland, in Movieland, in Numberland, in Newspaperland, in Plunderland, in Sunderland, in Thunderland*, that famous political skit *The Westminster Alice*, and so on.

To honour Lewis Carroll and his Alice-books, exhibitions have been held; Alice herself and the author's other inimitable characters have been perpetuated in all kinds of things from biscuit-tins and tea-services to playing-cards, cigarette-cards, puzzles, painting-books and toys; and they have even been brought to life in films. When Dodgson told his dream-story in 1862 he was starting something of which neither he nor his sleeping Alice herself could have dreamed.

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson—or Lewis Carroll—has been dead for over half-a-century and Alice Liddell, who in 1880 became Mrs. Hargreaves, died in 1934. To-day probably the closest surviving memento of their association is the manuscript that he so carefully wrote and she so eagerly read—*Alice's Adventures Underground*. This literary treasure, housed in the British Museum, will long recall the romantic genesis of *Alice*.

END

Elizabethan Legacy

(*Continued from page 21*)

Temple Newsam, near Leeds, is rooted in the plots and intrigues of Elizabeth's reign. Although considerably altered in the seventeenth century, this splendid mansion retains in its Tudor architecture sufficient to evoke the memories of the Earl and Countess of Lennox, and their son, Henry Darnley, who together formed the spearhead of the Catholic plot to secure the English throne.

Darnley was born here in 1545. His first attempts at poetry sprang out of the surrounding woods and meadows. A scheming mother sent him at the age of fifteen to the French Court, there to seek the favours of Mary Queen of Scots—but he returned, unrewarded. When, later, Darnley's suit was successful and his marriage with Mary (by now settled in Scotland) was announced, Elizabeth was furious. It was a direct bid for the throne. As Darnley was beyond Elizabeth's reach, the Countess of Lennox had to pay the price by leaving her palatial Yorkshire home for a cell in the Tower of London. Temple Newsam was in official disgrace until James I—son of Mary Stuart and Darnley—came to the throne after Elizabeth's death.

COMPTON WYNYATES, in Warwickshire, is famous for its secret chambers, rendered increasingly necessary—here and elsewhere—when Elizabeth began to persecute those who maintained Catholic rites and plotted against her. A lesser-known example is Hawksworth Hall on the West Yorkshire moors, where in the spring of 1581 the renowned Jesuit, Edmund Campion, found prolonged refuge in a secret room in the roof.

Father Campion was implicated in the plot to put Mary Queen of Scots on the English throne. Clarke Hall, near Wakefield, also has its "priest holes," yet when news of Mary Queen of Scots' escape from Loch Leven Castle reached Elizabeth's ears, she ordered Robert Bradford—the then owner of Clarke Hall—to hold himself ready to help resist possible invasion from the North.

Elizabeth's fierce campaign against Catholics might have deprived England of the services of one of her greatest benefactors—Christopher Saxton, the "father of English cartography," whose religious inclinations were suspect. However, overcoming her scruples, Elizabeth at last gave royal consent to Saxton's project and he was able to proceed with the surveys for his famous Atlas of the counties of England and Wales. Now Saxton's patron was Thomas Seckford of Woodbridge, Suffolk. Surveyor of the Courts of Wards and Liveries, Seckford was well known at Court, as the following story testifies. Elizabeth once protested to Seckford that his rubber boots "smelt." "Madam," he retorted, "it arises from the smell of unpaid bills!" Presented to the royal exchequer in vain, the bills had been stuffed one after another into his boot-tops. Despite such parsimony, Seckford could afford to finance Saxton and also erect and maintain some splendid buildings.

Three of these survive. One is Seckford Hall, a lovely brick residence at Great Bealings, near Woodbridge. Another is the "Flemish" Shire Hall at Woodbridge. And then—not far away—there is the Seckford Hospital and Almshouses, whose pensioners still walk about the neighbourhood wearing a Seckford badge, or "cognizance,"—a wholly delightful touch from Elizabethan England.

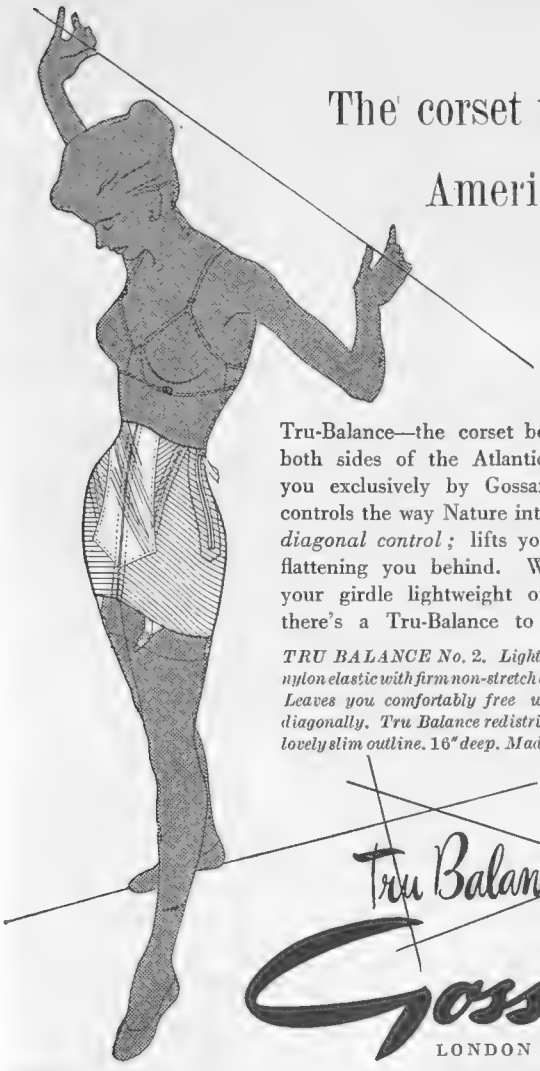
IT is rather odd that Falstaff, who appears in *The Merry Wives Of Windsor* (written expressly at Elizabeth's behest) and other Shakespearean plays, should have had his supposed real-life counterpart in Sir John Fastolff of Blickling, Norfolk, where Anne Boleyn had lived as a child.

Norfolk has other links with the Elizabethan play of events. Consider Augustine Steward's "cock-eyed" abode confronting Norwich Cathedral. A prosperous mercer and frequent Mayor of the city, Steward had built his house in 1549—nine years before Elizabeth became Queen.

ELIZABETHAN seafaring life is recalled at Skipton Castle, historic home of the Cliffords. George Clifford was the "Sailor Earl"—a polite way of referring to one of Elizabeth's buccaneers! He accompanied Raleigh to the Spanish Main. He commanded one of the biggest vessels that sailed against the Armada and, when victory came, hurried to Tilbury so as to be first to tell the great news to Elizabeth. Skipton Castle has a glorious Tudor range of buildings, but the "Sailor Earl's" best memorial is within the older gatehouse. He turned one of its rooms into a grotto that still glitters with the shells and mother-of-pearl he had picked up on foreign shores as a relaxation from seizing Spanish gold.

Such, then, is the Elizabethan legacy as expressed in and through domestic architecture of the times. We modern Elizabethans are fortunate in having so much remaining to us from that earlier period when the Renaissance was gripping men's minds and firing them with new resolves. Who can doubt that—granted the boon of peace—the second Elizabethan era will confer on posterity an ever finer legacy!

END



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The Casino War

(*Continued from page* 13)

is kept heavy so as to enervate gamblers). Located next to the new Opera House in the fashionable colonnade of the Hofgarten, there's a stiff entrance fee (since raised to 8s. I believe) and two or three stiffer commissionaires and officials to satisfy.

Inside it's a German affair, of both sexes. Members of the American forces are not encouraged, especially not G.I.s. For one thing, not even officers have sufficient "hard" marks to spare, and for another, even rich visiting Americans seldom gamble heavily in Europe, whatever may be the case at Las Vegas. A certain layer of Germans, on the other hand, have got a lot of money since the astonishing reconstruction of their country, and they like to go after glitter —witness Düsseldorf, number one glitter spot.

I did not see *Ecarté*, which Herr Geiger may well call the winning game. It used to be fashionable in England and France well over a century ago, but was superseded by the keener baccarat and "*chemi*." According to the Act of 1854, all gaming is unlawful if played in a common gaming house. Baccarat, roulette and *chemin de fer* are in themselves unlawful, as not being games of mere skill.

So says British laws. But over in Holland, where there's a comparable gambling muddle, football pools are illegal because *they* depend, Dutch law says, "on chance." Casinos are just the same as football pools, rules Holland.

The heaviest gamblers to-day are Egyptians, Turks, South Americans, Italians, French, Greeks and Spaniards. Americans, as I said, do not gamble heavily in Europe, save for an occasional plunger from Hollywood or big business. No other nationalities can afford to handle counters which may run as high as the £5,000 plaque.

The end of the war brought a sharpening of the "casino war." Hard-hit establishments wanted to "get in first." Their scouts scented a rarefication of big money, also that change-over of *clientèle*. The aim was to capture the substitutes, the new gamblers. Competition became keener still as the Italian Government boosted Venice, San Remo, and one or two other Italian places where gambling is permitted.

France, as co-ruler, only just managed to head off Andorra from opening a fully-fledged casino. Italy, in the shape of the Rome Government, had to carry on a prolonged offensive running to a blockade, before San Marino's casino could be closed. The tiny mountain republic was far too near Venice for the liking of Rome which stood to suffer by a falling-off in taxes on the Lido gambling. Heavy Venetian pressure and the payment of £100,000 to the midget republic ended the impertinent competition.

In the midst of all this came The Case of King Farouk, ever to be remembered in the annals of casinos. By putting these on the front pages week after week, His Majesty rescued several of the leading ones from the doldrums.

Everywhere save in Switzerland. The king perched in his customary massive manner at Lugano in order to gamble across the lake, in the little enclave of Campione. But the Swiss told him he could move on with all his piastres, for all they cared, and he did.

In passing, Italy has tried hard to get Campione put out of business, but so far in vain.

IT comes down to this: casino gambling has passed beyond being the sole concern of private companies. Governments are interested, no longer on social and ethical grounds only but in view of the hard facts of contemporary economics.

The attracting of foreign tourists now equates a top industry, is sometimes a nation's chief earner of foreign currencies. Very well. Experience has shown that gambling—the whole set-up of a casino—more than anything else makes a Continental resort tick. Fat money is needed to do this, and so we arrive at the core: attract foreigners bitten by gambling and with the funds to satisfy their itch.

For what our own arbiters in the matter feel about this itch, I imagine I may still refer you to centuries back: "Gaming is an enchanting witchery gotten betwixt idleness and avarice; an itching disease . . . it hath the ill property above all other vices that it renders a man incapable of prosecuting any serious action, and makes him always unsatisfied with his own condition."

The most striking case of itch at the present time is the Chancellor of the Exchequer's, his hand out for the latest tax money scooped from the dogs, football pools and racing. Why he shouldn't keep it out for further scooping from casino gambling is just one of those things. As long as he refrains, the United Kingdom is out of this specialized pursuit of foreign tourists with money to "blow."

ONLY in one other country are the betting laws as contradictory, hypocritical, archaic and puritannical as here. Holland runs Britain close and has a parallel case to Brighton's in Scheveningen. The Dutch have a State lottery. Private gaming clubs abound and, though well known to the police, are never even visited. There is the totalizator. Religious folk take tickets in frequent lotteries conducted by the Red Cross and the Cancer Institute. But when it comes to aiding the national holiday resort, as casino gambling at Scheveningen would immediately do, these same religious folk say: "Oh, dear me, no! Never that!"

I advise Brighton to get into touch with Scheveningen and see how the fight is going.

In defence of casinos, they make huge contributions to state and local budgets, they *make* resorts, rake in foreign currency, and are blessings to charity. As an instance, eighty per cent of what Deauville earned last summer was taken by the French Government and local municipality. And ninety per cent of that money was foreign.

The latter is exceptional, however. Most of France's 100-odd casinos attract French money chiefly. Though not local money. In most places there is a ban on people gambling in their own towns. I hope Alderman Cullen, of Brighton, sees this. He said it would be an outrage to debar Brightonians from using their birthright. Fudge, Councillor! The ban obviates a lot of trouble which would otherwise ensue through residents being over-exposed to the draw of the tables. Incidentally, it isn't strictly obeyed abroad.

The last casino to flourish openly in Britain was 200 years ago in Bath. Beau Nash made a fortune from faro, dice and roulette until the Government banned these games in 1744. Baccarat was prohibited in 1884; *chemin de fer* in 1895. To-day no gambling is permitted on pastimes which are not games of skill—which did not prevent Britons last year from spending £57 million on football pools, £400 million on horses and £135 million on greyhounds.

Nor did it prevent a Minister of the Crown, the Postmaster-General, from being, in the words of Sir F. Handley-Page, "the greatest aider and abetter of everything that is wrong in our national life in relation to gambling. . . . For a modest sixpence or more, if you employ permutations, you can find the Post Office aiding and assisting you to win a fortune." END

The Towers

(*Continued from page* 24)

waiters lent by The Hotel Splendide.

"Where were they?"

"They had gone to The Five Bells in the village where they were spending the night."

"Good. We can check up on what time they reached the inn. And now a little about the guests, sir?"

"You are not suspecting one of my guests. They are all old friends of mine; very dear friends, and most eminent people."

"In such an affair as this, sir, no one should be ruled out as beyond suspicion. I mean, beyond all bounds of possibility."

"Do you include the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Chief Justice, to mention no one else, in such a—a—preposterous statement?"

Lowndes permitted himself the faintest of smiles. "Merely in theory, sir; just as I include you. In a world where the most extraordinary and incredible happenings have become a commonplace such a theory is at least tenable. I do not mean that I hold it myself. I mention it because it will presently be necessary to question very closely everyone who slept here last night, as well as any members of the outside staff who were sleeping, or supposed to be sleeping, elsewhere.

"Everyone will have to be questioned without exception."

"Meanwhile, you are ignoring the possibility, the probability indeed, that it was the work of a burglar."

"I agree with you, sir. It possibly was. But that side of the matter is being taken care of by Sergeants Clough and Ellis who are two of the youngest and most able men we have in the force."

WHEN shortly after half-past two the guests assembled in the library Lowndes and Sergeant Clough were already there. Lowndes appeared completely at ease.

"We have, ladies and gentlemen," he began, without any preliminaries, "already learned certain things and these, with your assistance, will presently teach us more. We should like presently to take all your fingerprints as well as, of course, those of the members of the staff.

"I have been round to The Five Bells in the village. Mr. Baretti and the three waiters were in bed well before twelve o'clock. Mr. Peters the landlord tells me that he was up till after one o'clock doing the monthly accounts. A small highly nervous dog sleeps in the parlour and an Alsatian in the yard. It would have been quite impossible for anyone to have left the inn without one or both of these animals barking. Mr. Peters was very positive about this and I think we may accept his statement, the more so because the most minute examination has revealed no footprints outside the house; there are no marks to indicate the climbing of drain pipes or the trellises; and there are no signs of a forcible entrance having been made into any of the rooms from the outside."

"Which seems rather to rule out a professional burglar, Inspector?" Lord Telfer asked.

Lowndes nodded. "We may also rule out members of your lordship's outside staff. The domestic staff I shall have to question later. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I want to ask you individually, a few questions. While I am doing so I should prefer everyone to be present."

The interrogation of the guests produced nothing of any value by way of evidence.

Lowndes said that he would like now to interview the members of the staff. He expressed a wish that (*Continued on page* 72)

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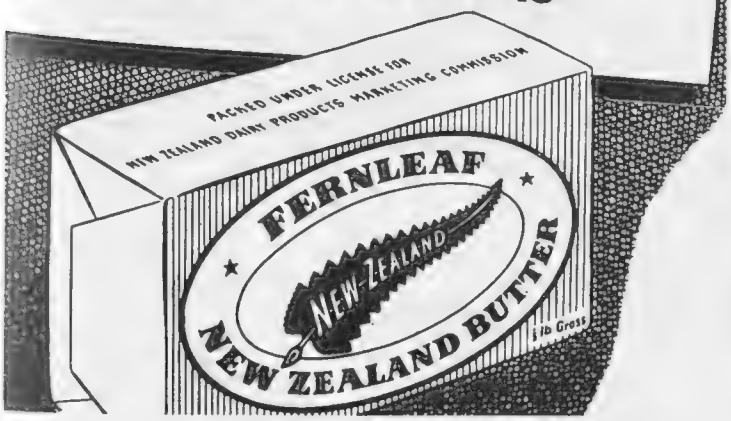

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they should see him one at a time and that only himself and Sergeant Ellis should be present.

Lord Telfer was quite agreeable and passed no comment.

The interviews, with one exception, furnished no information.

The last to be interviewed, Fred Corless, the pantry boy, said immediately he sat down: "I heard something in the night, sir. It was about one o'clock. I thought I heard someone at the door between the house and The Towers. It was about one o'clock."

"The communicating door?"

"That's right, sir. You see my bedroom's almost over the door as you might say."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing sir. I lay there listening and then I heard the clock in the Tower strike one o'clock and then I fell asleep."

"All right, Corless. Thank you."

LATER that evening Inspector Lowndes made a brief report to Lord Telfer on the result of their investigations. "I'm afraid, sir," he said, "that we've found nothing at present that might be a pointer. The finger-prints in the rooms were those of the occupants. There are no signs anywhere of The Towers being broken into or the house. By the way, sir, is the communicating door always kept locked at night?"

"I haven't the ghost of a notion, Inspector. But now you mention the matter it probably is."

"Is there anywhere in The Towers where a man could hide for, say, twenty-four hours? Any rooms that are kept shut up?"

"No rooms are kept shut up. As for any hiding-place, I can't think of one."

Lowndes nodded his head slowly. "The position then, sir, is this. The thief did not break in and was not hidden in the house or The Towers. He must, then, either be one of your guests or one of your staff and the stolen property is still on the premises."

"Can you be sure of that?"

"Reasonably sure, sir." He smiled. "Sergeant Ellis has taken care of that. Everyone who has gone out to-day from the house or The Towers has been carefully watched. I purposely gave no instructions in the matter of anyone leaving the premises. There was just a chance, a very faint one, that the thief might have a confederate in the neighbourhood and that a rendezvous had been arranged. But there has been nothing of that sort. So the property is still on the premises. There is only one thing more I can do here for the present, sir, and it is an extremely unpleasant duty. Everyone's room and belongings must be searched."

Lord Telfer stared at the Inspector's impassive face. "It is impossible. Too shocking. Oh, preposterous. I could not suggest such a thing."

"I think, sir, if you will allow me to say so, you are unnecessarily upsetting yourself. I am sure your guests will realize that it is a reasonable, an obvious, request and will accede to it without demur and with no feeling whatever against your lordship."

As Lowndes had said, no one objected to the search or thought the request unreasonable. It was done and very thoroughly by Sergeants Ellis and Clough but nothing was found.

The Inspector then said that at present he could do no more at The Towers and that he and his colleagues would return to London immediately, and that every other line of investigation would then be pursued from the Yard.

And on the morrow, at various times between breakfast and tea, the guests left. Most of those who had sustained such great losses, in many cases sentimental as well as material, when it came to saying goodbye put a bright face on the affair out of consideration for their host and hostess who were so obviously labouring under considerable emotional strain.

SIX months went by and Scotland Yard had no success to report and confessed that they were completely at fault. None of the stolen jewellery had been traced, although all known and likely quarters for its disposal had been under constant surveillance.

A further three months passed; and then, late one afternoon, just after dark, Lord Telfer had a visitor. He was a tall, broad man with a trimmed black beard and moustache and a slight stoop and was, to the best of his lordship's recollection, a complete stranger.

Lord Telfer studied him a long moment and then said quietly, "I remember you now; you are Detective Sergeant Ellis."

"That is so, sir."

"And what can I do for you? Are you here officially?"

"No, sir. I am here to tell you a story."

"Very good, sergeant."

"Three months ago I was in Paris. I was on official business but I had my moments of relaxation. In one of them I spent the evening in a certain fashionable if rather—er shall we say frivolous establishment of entertainment not a great distance from *L'Opéra Comique*. It is called *La Cave du Loup*. Perhaps your lordship knows it?"

"I have never even heard of it."

"That is rather singular, sir, for you were there on the night in question."

"You are mistaken."

"I am never mistaken in a matter of identity. It has been my special study. I doubt if anyone else would have recognized you, sir. Not even your wife. That meeting," Ellis continued, "gave me much food for thought; and then a piece of luck came my way, as often happens when one is at a loss for a link. Do you know anyone called Raby?"

"I do not."

"Think again, sir. Samuel Raby. He lives in Wood Street, a narrow——"

"Very well. I do know him. What about it?"

"That simplifies matters. Let us be frank with one another. He is a fence. You may not know the word but I imagine you do. It is a receiver of stolen goods. Raby was given away to me, by someone who owed him a grudge, as the man who had received the jewellery stolen from here nearly a year ago. If anyone tells you there is honour among thieves, don't believe them. I went to see Raby. He laughed at me at first. But I convinced him. However, the stuff had all been dispersed. Broken up. I asked him who the man was who brought him the stuff but he just shrugged his shoulders and said that was up to me to find out. Up to that point I was a detective, the law, and he was on the defensive. But I was presently able to convince him that he had nothing to fear from me. Raby said he didn't know who the man was and when he described him the description might have fitted a hundred men. But Raby had his finger-prints."

"His finger-prints," Lord Telfer said, his composure for the first time failing.

"Exactly. Your lordship—er—I beg your pardon. The man had been rather foolish in accepting a drink from Raby. It was one of Raby's customs to offer one. And it happens to be a hobby of Raby to photograph the finger-prints left on the glass by his visitors. He keeps an album. He was obliging enough to give me a copy of those finger-prints. They were your lordship's."

"Rubbish."

"It won't do, sir. It can easily be proved. We have your lordship's finger-prints at the Yard, as you know. They were taken at the same time as those of your guests and your staff. Well?"

"What is it you want?"

"Thirty thousand pounds."

"Blackmail."

"A rose by any other name. Call it what you like."

Lord Telfer rose from his chair and walked up and down the room for some moments. He sat down again. "Very well, Ellis," he said; "I will pay it. But you do not expect me to have that sum about me, I presume."

"We can arrange all that later."

"Tell me, Ellis, what made you compare the finger-prints on Raby's glass with those of mine at Scotland Yard?"

"I compared them with those of all your guests. But, of course, the affair in Paris rather pointed in your direction." He smiled. "I'd very much like to know where the stuff was hidden when we searched for it so carefully. Where was it?"

"In the clock tower behind the old clock. I put it there immediately I had—er—taken it. While tucking it away tidily I inadvertently touched the big pendulum and stopped the clock without realizing what I had done. Fortunately I noticed before I left but forgot to correct the time. I was in rather a hurry, as you can imagine. The clock next day was three minutes slow. No one noticed it. Not even you or your excellent colleagues. I put it right during the afternoon. I, by the bye, have the only key to the tower."

"One more question. May I ask what time the stuff was taken?"

"Between one and three o'clock in the morning."

"Did it take so long? I congratulate you on your nerve."

"You forget the famous Telfer punch. I assure you its potency is astonishing. I must give you the recipe one day. But to business. If you will call here on Thursday about this time I will have the money for you in notes. Do have a drink. I have a superb Falanda I should like your opinion on."

Ellis thought he would and they drank two glasses each with great cordiality and Ellis then said that he really must go, adding that he had not brought a car.

"My dear fellow, you can't walk in this wretched weather," Lord Telfer said. "And it would be much quicker in the end for you to catch the train at Eastbourne. I'll run you there myself. My chauffeur is out."

Ellis protested that he would not bother his lordship; but it was a half-hearted protest and ten minutes later they drove out through the lodge gates and turned south on to the high road.

Presently Lord Telfer said: "Feeling sleepy? I'm afraid the Falanda was too much for you. Rather foolish of you to drink two glasses, Ellis. Seeing that it was hocused. As the punch was. I don't take any chances. It is a family trait."

Ellis now seemed sunk in sleep but his lordship continued: "We are going round by Beachy Head, Ellis. Rather a detour. But I do not think you will mind. There is a stretch of sea below the Head where there is a strong off-shore current. I propose to drop you over there, Ellis. It is a long drop. Four hundred feet I believe. The Head is a deserted place at this season of the year and at this time. It is rather odd, my dear fellow, that the first sight my illustrious ancestor Stephen Taillefer had of England was probably Beachy Head and that it will doubtless be your last sight of earth. If you are capable of seeing anything by then."

IT was nearly an hour later when Lord Telfer returned to The Towers. He was going up to his study humming a tune when his wife met him on the stairs.

"You've been out, darling?" she said.

He nodded and smiled at her affectionately. "I had a visitor and drove him to Eastbourne. He was rather a tiresome fellow."

"What did he want? Money, I suppose. And you gave him some. You always do, Tony. You're much too soft with these people. I don't believe half of them are genuine. I suppose he was collecting for some society."

"He was soliciting subscriptions on behalf of the Society for the Rehabilitation of the Criminal Classes. I gave him a trifle. He was a tedious fellow. To get rid of him I said I would drive him to the station. His gratitude was embarassing. We went by way of Beachy Head."

"An odd way to the station, wasn't it, my dear?"

"Extremely. It was his idea. He said he had never seen Beachy Head and would like to see it before he died. Rather an odd way of putting it, I thought. But as we had ample time I was able to oblige him. Although I doubt if he saw very much. It was so dark. Do you think we might push dinner forward half an hour? I'm astonishingly hungry."

"Of course, darling. I'll see Mrs. Slee myself." END

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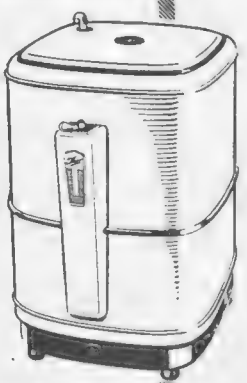

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For Tailored Occasions

(*Continued from page 52*)

Work in patt. until armholes are 5 in. (5 in., 5½ in., 5½ in.) deep, vertically, from 1st row of shaping and shape the neck. On the wrong side, k. 46 (43, 49, 53), cast off 17 (15, 19, 19) loosely, k. to end of row. Now shape both sections at once by joining on another ball of wool. Keep the armhole edges straight and at both neck edges dec. on the next 5 (4, 6, 7) rows, then on alternate rows 6 times. Match the patt. up each side of the neck. It is easy to follow if peaks are kept above one another and no k. 2 tog. is made (except as decs.) unless there is space for a m. 1 and vice versa. When the armholes are 6¾ in. (6½ in., 7 in., 7¼ in.) deep, shape the shoulders. Cast off 7 at the beg. of every row at armhole edges until all sts. are off.

BACK

Work as for the front as far as the last 2 of the armhole shapings, when the tops of the rib bands are shaped. The centre rib band is continued in ribbing right up to the neck, so continue as for the front in lace patt. as far as the centre 7 rib sts., rib these and match up the lace beyond the 7 rib sts. to the armholes. When about 1½ in. of yoke have been worked, divide for the back opening. On the wrong side k. 51 (47, 55, 59), that is as far as the centre 7 rib sts., cast on 7 for rib underwrap, and work on these sts. keeping a border of 7 sts. in rib at opening.

Work until the armholes are ½ in. shallower than the front then shape the shoulders until 23 (21, 25, 26) sts. remain. Cast these off loosely for the back neck.

Mark the position of 5 buttonholes down the left side (the 6th will come in the neckband).

Join in wool at neck edge and work on other side to correspond—making buttonholes by rib 4, m. 1, k. 2 tog., and complete the row, and shaping for shoulder one row later than on first half.

Cast off.

NECKBAND

Sew up the shoulder seams, then with a No. 12 needle and right side of the work facing pick up and rib 7, then pick up and k. 14 (13, 16, 18) sts. along back neck, 22 (21, 24, 25) sts. down left front, 17 (15, 19, 19) from centre, 22 (21, 24, 25) from right front, 14 (13, 16, 18) back neck and 7 rib. Work ½ in. ribbing and make a buttonhole above the others, work a further ½ in. ribbing and cast off, in ribbing, with a No. 10 needle, loosely.

SHORT SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 88 (84, 92, 96) sts. (select size according to arm development) rib for 1 in., inc. in last st. Change to No. 10 needles and work entire sleeve in rib and p. bands as body of jumper, begin and end 1st row p. 9 (p. 7 32 in., rib 2 36 in., rib 4 38 in.). Inc. both ends of each 4th row 9 times. Work until 5½ in. (5 in., 5¾ in., 6 in.) long in all and shape the top. Cast off 3 at the beg. of the next 2 rows, dec. at the end of every row to 61 sts., then both ends every row to 41 sts. and cast off 3 at the beg. of every row to 23 sts. and cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 60 (56, 64, 68) sts. (according to arm development), rib for 3 in., inc. in last st. Change to No. 10 needles and rib and p. bands all up. Begin and end 1st row rib 2 (p. 9 32 in., rib 4 36 in., rib 6 38 in.). Inc. both ends of each 6th row to 107 (104, 111, 115) sts. Work until 17½ in. (17 in., 17¾ in., 18 in.) or to length usually worn, and shape top as for short sleeves.

MAKING UP

Pin out each section in turn to shape and size and press, all but welts and cuffs, lightly on the wrong side, under a damp cloth. Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams, set in sleeves, seam to seam. Sew lower edge of underwrap. Press seams. Sew on buttons, any spare ones evenly spaced on the rib band below the others for style.

END

Bric-à-brac

(*Continued from page 15*)

boxes? No one can tell with certainty, but the dealer who foresees a future demand can make a substantial profit by acquiring a stock while prices are modest. Replacing his stock is now often the dealer's major problem and perhaps explains why many seem unenthusiastic about selling.

There is undoubtedly a huge stock of bric-à-brac still in attics and even on mantelpieces of rooms which have been virtually unchanged for sixty or seventy years, but it comes comparatively slowly to the market.

Although many of the items from pomade boxes to pink vases and china dogs to Coronation souvenirs must have been made by the thousand, the numbers that have survived are limited and become smaller every year partly through breakages, but chiefly through being exported and "lost." Provided the demand remains, prices must rise. Although Americans are the biggest buyers of our treasures, big and small, accounting for four-fifths of the exports, Australia and the other Dominions are asking for increasing amounts and this demand will probably increase with the growth of their population and wealth.

BRITISH collectors complain that American tourists "push the prices up" and that just as soon as they "discover" one of London's markets, it no longer becomes a happy hunting ground for bric-à-brac bargains. It is not the American tourists who push up the prices, of course, but the small dealers who sometimes optimistically think every American is wealthy. In fact, many come over on a budget worked out to the last cent before they leave the States, and if the budget says one dollar for a souvenir of old England for sister, then one dollar it is! "I just can't find anything with the slightest pretensions to being antique to sell at a dollar," a shopkeeper in Kensington, with Shepherd's Market and the King's Road, Chelsea, the chief centre for bric-à-brac complained to me. "I try to please foreign visitors, but generally they know just what some friend paid last year or the year before and don't like to be asked more, although the demand for certain types of article have sent prices up twenty per cent a year recently."

London has nothing like the "Flea Market" in Paris where at week-ends acres are covered with bric-à-brac and second-rate antiques. The market at Bermondsey hardly replaces the Caledonian Market, but with Petticoat Lane and the other street markets in Notting Hill, Edgware Road and elsewhere provides the searcher with a great choice, although in these days bargains are few.

It does not seem likely there will ever be a fashion for Victorian furniture as there is for Regency, because the conditions of living to-day mean small pieces of furniture of strict utility. But the demand for Victorian bric-à-brac seems firmly established and any hard-pushed parent might do worse than turn out the attic in search of articles put away twenty or thirty years ago because they were only "dust traps." They may pay for a Continental holiday or keep the children at school for another term!

END

What Are You Reading?

(*Continued from page 16*)

books of *The Aeneid*, arranged by Cecil Day Lewis for the Third Programme.

While these broadcasts were going on, and for a week or two before and after, if you went to your Public Library to get (say) the *Silver Spoon*, you would see it on the shelves, take it down, and find that it wasn't a book but a dummy, a kind of box-file with an imitation book-spine labelled "Silver Spoon, Galsworthy," in the usual library lettering. Inside the box were two notices from the B.B.C., one apologizing for the trick and the other asking you to speak to the librarian, who would ask you to fill up a little form and hand you a real copy of *The Silver Spoon* (of which, for the occasion, he had laid in extra copies).

This ruse was necessary because fifty people at a time might be after one book; only one of them could have it, and the other forty-nine would be the "unsatisfied demand." Over sixty libraries, many booksellers, and more than half the intending readers co-operated. The reports are not yet tabulated, but I understand that it looks as though broadcasting multiplies the demand for a book by three.

Talking to librarians lately, what has surprised me is the steadfast popularity of authors who were sought after thirty years ago but whose memory, I imagined, was totally obliterated by the Hemingway school and the Nevil Shutes and the Emma Smiths. I mean such writers as W. J. Locke, Geoffrey Moss, H. de Vere Stacpoole, C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, Jeffrey Farnol, Zane Grey and Ridgewell Cullum. I had imagined that if you mentioned these names in the company of teenagers to-day, they would hurriedly pull an armchair up for you and steady you as you sat down. But no: they read them. And I had confirmation of it in the Underground the other day, when I saw a girl reading *The Beloved Vagabond* and caught myself, at the precise moment when she looked up and caught me, nodding benevolently.

So what's the use of talking about changed reading habits? If people weren't reading Francis King when I was a boy, that is because Mr. King wasn't yet born. If children's "penny dreadfuls" looked less noisome than they do to-day, isn't that because their showmanship was poor? And as for the effect of television and its unpredictable future—well, ask the librarians and, speaking as they do in terms of "issues," they will tell you that there were 311,362,123 last year, a quarter of these representing non-fiction books and a fifth of the whole lot being issues to children. (Less than twenty-five per cent of all the current children's periodicals, by the way, get past the Library Association's test of suitability for juvenile reading-rooms.)

The librarians will also say that most of the older authors keep their popularity. In fact, as the Elinor Glyn characters would keep on murmuring over their absinthe as we ploughed through her books for the illicit thrill that never came, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

END

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A Letter From The Country

(*Continued from page 44*)

which their bright eyes peered at this strange and wonderful world.

July is often a month of storms, and nothing pleases me more than to stand in my porch and watch them unfold their drama. Many country people, of course, have such horror of a storm that the women will leave their work in the fields, at the first rumble of thunder, and rush home to cover up the knives and throw a cloth over the mirror—after which they hasten to hide themselves in the darkest corner they can find; and even the men, remembering tales of sudden disaster, when cattle were killed under the trees and a man carrying a scythe was marked for life, look up apprehensively at the threatening skies.

In the stillness before the storm, the parched earth waits for the relief that will soon so fiercely come. Suddenly a wind rises, whipping the bushes till they bend low; and the air grows dusky. Then the first drops fall, big as pennies, slapping the leaves and splashing off the hard ground. Nearer the thunder crashes, splitting the heavens. Now the thunder dies away, the rain falls more steadily: almost one can hear the earth greedily drinking it in. A farm-hand goes by, clad, like his medieval forebears, with a sack folded over his head and another tied round his waist. "A lovely drop of rain!" he calls out. And when the sun comes through again, shining on every leaf, a bevy of Cabbage White butterflies assembles on the lawn, sipping the bright drops, barely touching the grass as they do so, for all the world like a *corps de ballet* dancing *Les Sylphides*.

END

Water Gardening

(*Continued from page 27*)

Japanese Clematis Flowered Irises and they bloom in June and July. I fell in love with Dancing Girl, a double white faintly washed with blue, but I am equally fond of Blue Peter, a rich china blue with a darker centre. There's Dawn of Spring, a double wine red and Moonlight Waves, a semi-double with snow white flowers.

The water musks or mimulus are water-loving plants which will grow in wet soil or in very shallow water. People plant them because of the scent. There's *M. cardinalis* with clusters of red and yellow flowers or Hose-in-Hose, so called because it has a double corolla ring to its flowers and so is of unusual appearance. I suppose the best blue-flowered aquatic is the *Pontederia cordata* or pickerel plant. It never becomes untidy nor is it rampant in growth and it attains a height of twenty-four inches. It produces arum-like leaves, olive green in colour and should always be planted in the mud at the pond edge. As a contrast don't forget the primulas. Red Hugh for instance which bears bright crimson flowers in May and June, or the Himalayan cowslip which is happy in wet boggy ground and bears clusters of fragrant nodding flowers pale yellow in colour, each bloom being an inch in length and ½ inch across. There's the Himalayan primrose, too, with rather coarse foliage but from which emerge globular clusters of lilac flowers.

There is never enough space in a magazine to dilate on the glorious plants which are available for the pool and its surround. I always advise beginners to start with the easy plants to grow and to make a really big splash with them. There's a stupid kind of snobbery one meets, very seldom in real gardeners, that makes people want to look down on the cheery plant that co-operates with the gardener and gives a wholehearted display of colour. While the sulky little plant which seems to begrudge living at all gets all the praise. Let's have a good display and if we have to cut back ruthlessly, well—better to do that than be disappointed!

END

After 25

Dry Skin

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After the age of 25, there's no mistaking the signs of dry skin. Tiny lines, flakiness, dry patches, really begin to *show*.

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The Cop And The Kangaroo

(*Continued from page* 12)

"You better see a doctor then," said Padraic. "But this one wants to see you about a kangaroo——"

Shamus knocked his brother down, climbed over him and in a moment hung panting on the phone. It was Jill. She said she had tried all the Mulgrues in the book till she had found the right one. Now she wondered if she could see him to-day. She had something to discuss with him.

Shamus was off duty until mid-afternoon, so he attired himself in the pick of his brothers' clothing, caught a bus and half an hour after being wakened was at the Domberts' front door. It was opened by Mick.

"Morning," said Shamus. "Is the lady of the house in?" Mick looked him up and down, shook his head, then shut the door in Shamus's face. A moment later it was opened again by Jill.

"I'm sorry. My kangaroo doesn't take to strangers——" Then she smiled. "Why, it's you! No wonder he didn't recognize you."

"You wanted to see me about something," Shamus said, and closed the door behind him as he followed Jill into the house. There was no sign of Mick or Dad Dombert and for a moment, being so close to Jill, he had a mad desire to crush her in his arms.

They sat down in the living-room, Jill on a divan and Shamus in a chair that smelled faintly of kangaroo.

"Your place at Kurrajong," Jill said. "I wonder if you would mind showing it to me?"

"Any time you like," Shamus said. "Have you changed your mind about getting rid of Mick?"

"I am just preparing for any eventuality," said Jill.

She leaned across and put her hand on his. "You're too nice to be a traffic cop. I'm sorry for all the things I said the other day."

Shamus took her hand in his and was about to follow up his advantage when he felt a leaf-laden breath on the back of his neck. He looked over his shoulder, right into the warning eyes of Mick. He let go of Jill's hand and stood up.

"We'll never get acquainted if he's always going to be *that* suspicious of me," he said.

Just then Dad Dombert came into the room. He nodded at Shamus, then sat down and picked up a newspaper. After a moment he looked up.

"Ain't I seen you somewhere before?" he said. "Ever done any fighting?"

"This is the policeman who was here yesterday," said Jill. "He just looks different with clothes on."

Dad Dombert nodded affably. "Glad to see you, son. What you come back for? Got a warrant for Mick or something?"

"No," said Shamus. "We were talking about taking him up to my place at Kurrajong."

"Good idea," said Dad Dombert. "We gotta get rid of him somehow. But I wouldn't mind making a few quid outa him with that advertising bloke. Seems a pity to let that money go to waste."

Jill's mouth stiffened. "We're not going into that again. Matter of fact, I'm not even going to take Mick up to Kurrajong. He'll be going up there only when I'm on my way to jail."

"You're gunna have the whole police force on us like a ton of bricks if you keep up this attitude," said Dad Dombert. "Who the hell taught you to have such little respect for authority?"

"You did," said Jill, then turned to Shamus. "Could we go up to Kurrajong to-morrow? Or are you on duty?"

"Yes," said Shamus. "No."

"Well, how about coming here for breakfast, then we can get away to an early start. We'll go in my car. Or have you a car?"

"I don't even own my motor-bike," said Shamus.

"Then I'll see you to-morrow morning," said Jill "The three of us can leave right after breakfast."

NEXT morning Shamus, clad in another choice selection from his brothers' wardrobes, presented himself at the Dombert ménage for breakfast. Jill, looking like a model posing as a housewife, set out a meal of grapefruit, steak and eggs, toast and marmalade, and coffee.

"This is a real man's breakfast," Shamus said. "But I didn't think a girl would go for it."

"Mick is the only one in this house who has to watch his diet," Jill said. "Incidentally, I wonder where he is?"

Dad Dombert looked up from his steak and eggs. "I dunno. Maybe he's decided to sleep in on Sundays."

"To-day is Thursday," Jill said, and went out of the house calling for Mick, and down to his hut at the end of the garden. In a moment she came running back. "He's gone! His straw hasn't been slept in!"

"That's crook," said Dad Dombert, and after some hesitation started up in what could have been alarm or an attack of flatulence. "Who d'you reckon took him?"

"Who said anyone——" Then Jill seemed to glow with sudden understanding. She fixed her father with an accusing glare. "You've kidnapped him! You've hired him out to that copy-writing gigolo who was here on Tuesday!"

Dad Dombert's battered face had never exuded more innocence. "You oughta have more respect for your old dad! Here I been, slaving me insides out for you all these years, and you go and accuse me of being a kangaroo kidnapper."

SHAMUS was reluctant to go thundering to the rescue of a kangaroo that obviously thought he was a no-hoper, but he recognized an opportunity when he saw one. He leapt to his feet. "Where's your car? We're going to see Carslake. His address will be in the phone book. Grab your hat while I look it up!"

Carslake paced about his office, talking and talking, insisting he had no idea where Mick was, while Jill and Shamus looked at him as if they wondered how he could tell such lies. Dad Dombert stood in the background, grimacing at Carslake as if he were trying to send smoke-signals and the smoke was getting in his eyes.

"I haven't seen your kangaroo," Carslake snapped. There was a knock at his door. "Come in!"

A boy poked his head in from the outer office. "The kangaroo's down in the street, Mr. Carslake. He's already got a crowd around him. Thought you'd like to know."

"Thank you," said Carslake, and the boy smiled in acknowledgement. "You're fired."

In the street, Mick was atop a decorated float that was vaguely intended to resemble a bank. He stood on one side of a grille, holding a giant-sized bank-book in a paw, while on the other side a blonde teller made as if she were entering a deposit in a giant-sized ledger.

"Mick!" screamed Jill, and took a running leap up on to the float. Mick turned, blinked, flung the bank-book away, opened his arms and hopped toward her. Shamus followed Jill on to the float with a bound that would have done credit to Mick. The blonde teller looked about for a way out of her contract.

The driver of the float, who had been dozing in his cabin after a spendthrift night, heard Shamus's shout and promptly got the float under way. The crowd let out a cheer of approval and began to run after the slow-moving, swaying float.

It was just at that moment that Mick saw the policeman on the other side of the float take his book from his pocket. It was enough to make the blood of any kangaroo boil.

"I DON'T know what to make of it," the magistrate said. "Last week you and your kangaroo were before me on an identical charge, with the exception that last week's victim now looks to be an accomplice before the fact. I can go on fining you—that might prove an almost permanent source of revenue, for after you have finished with the police force, you can start on the firemen, follow them with postmen——"

"Sir," said Shamus, "may I say something? I would like Miss Dombert and her kangaroo paroled in my care. I know it looks as if I was aiding and abetting the defendant, but I assure you my intentions have been misunderstood."

The magistrate stroked his chin, then stared down at Jill. "Are you prepared to be paroled in the care of Constable Mulgrue?"

Jill just nodded, then looked across at Shamus and smiled. "I'm game."

The magistrate banged his gavel. "Three months' probation."

On their way out of court Shamus and Jill were joined by Dad Dombert. "We better get Mick outa here before all this goes to his head. Come and have a look at him."

In the court yard Mick was standing with his back to a wall, surrounded by a battery of photographers. Flashbulbs were popping, but Mick seemed completely unconcerned. He stood there, gazing at the photographers with almost eager friendliness, looking more than somewhat human.

END

Saleroom Sense (*Continued from page* 51)

figure (obviously the right one from your point of view) and drop out if and when it passes it, all is well. There will be another sale and perhaps better luck next week. If you are nervous of bidding there are officials who will do it for you without prejudice. You simply name your highest figure.

If, when viewing the furniture, you are uncertain of the potential values, consult the saleroom authorities. In a reputable organization they will give you unbiased advice and will tell you approximately what the piece may fetch. Sales are, of course, unpredictable. According to the mood of the sale the price may be above or even below their estimate but it will tell you whether or not the piece is within your sphere of interest.

It is commonly supposed that the grander London salerooms confine themselves to the disposal only of expensive and antique furniture, but this is quite untrue. Medium and bargain price furniture comes up at the sales I am referring to with surprising regularity. Nor are they confined to furniture alone. Carpets, china, glass, rugs and even household utensils are included, though the very minor pieces generally have a special sale to themselves.

The furniture illustrated depicts actual pieces which were offered for sale in London recently. As a cross section of the many and varied types of furniture and fittings which were on the catalogue they are well representative. In any case, if one is not a serious contender for the goods offered, an afternoon at a saleroom like this is enlightening and highly entertaining.

END

1.7.52

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD), LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

rayon is in the picture . . . Her gloves, her bag, her gown by Worth ; the lining of his 'tails', possibly the facings of his lapels ; certainly the chair covering— all are made with versatile, hard-wearing rayon.

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The illustration shows the Model CS.70—7.1 cu. ft. refrigerator with 13 sq. ft. of shelf space. Other models with 3 and 4½ cu. ft. capacity are available.

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